

RICHARD PETERS  
BRIGHAM CITY U-  
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# IMPROVEMENT ERA



JANUARY, 1925

Vol. 28

No. 3

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD  
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S  
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-  
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~  
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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## "Daddy Said That It Wouldn't Be Right"

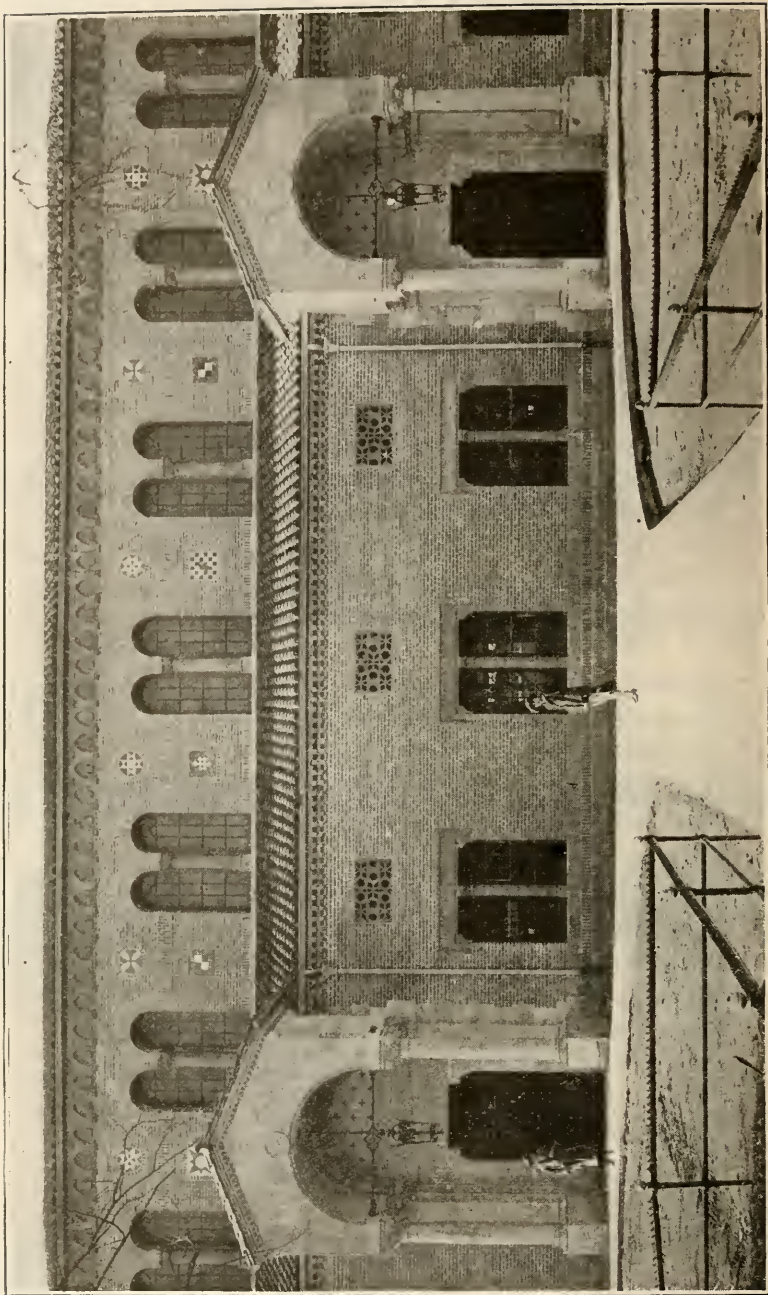
Five little boys in a group one day,  
With heads together, paused in their play,  
On mischief bent, it was plain to see.  
But one little chap did not agree.  
With purpose firm, and toss of his head,  
This little chap to the others said:  
"No, fellers, let us not do that tonight,"  
And his eyes flashed clear with an honest light,  
"Twould be unkind, and it wouldn't be fair,  
And Daddy wants me to always 'play square.'  
My Dad's a fine man and I'm sure he's right  
So I can't be with you in *that* tonight;  
I like clean sport, in real fun delight,  
But Daddy would say, '*That* isn't right'."

A group of youths in a college "frat,"  
Planning an evening of this and of that!  
Vice beckoned them to its gilded hall,  
And it seemed that they would heed the call;  
But one stalwart lad withstood the plea,  
"No, boys, leave *me* out of *that*," said he.  
"No, fellows, let us not do that tonight!"  
And his eyes flashed clear with manly light,  
As he thought of his father's words to him:  
"Take it from me, and remember it, Jim;  
From what of life in my time I have seen  
You'll find it will pay to be square and clean."  
So he yielded not to the tempter's blight,  
For Dad had said it wouldn't be right.

*Snowflake, Arizona.*

T. C. HOYT.





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The main entrance doors, facing the city on 25th street, are of stained oak, decorated with oxidized grill facings over the glass panels, the woodwork being studded with broad, beaded copper nails. Altogether it is one of the most imposing, comfortable, convenient passenger stations in the West. (See article in this number: "The Building of the Utah Central")

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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Vol. XXVIII

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NO. 3

## THE WELDING LINK

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

*An Epistle from Exile*

It was September, 1842, and the Prophet Joseph Smith was in retirement, prudently concealing himself from enemies who had designs upon his liberty and his life. But though in exile, he could not be idle. His thoughts ran upon a theme that had engrossed his mind for years, and which he declared to be the "most glorious subject belonging to the everlasting gospel." This subject he brought to the attention of the Church by means of an epistle dated at Nauvoo, Illinois, during the month and year above mentioned. In that epistle, which constitutes Section 128 of the book of Doctrine and Covenants, he quotes the fifth and sixth verses of the fourth chapter of Malachi, reading as follows:

### *Malachi's Prediction*

"Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

### *The Prophet's Comment*

Joseph then makes this comment upon the prophecy: "I might have rendered a plainer translation to this, but it is sufficiently plain to suit my purposes as it stands. It is sufficient to know, in this case, that the earth will be smitten with a curse, unless there is a welding link of some kind or other, between the fathers and the children, upon some subject or other, and behold, what is that subject? It is the baptism for the dead. For we without them cannot be made perfect; neither can they without us be made perfect. Neither can they nor we be made perfect without those who have died in the gospel also."

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*Address Room 406, Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

Something else he said, of still greater import, which I reserve for later consideration.

### *Moroni's Message*

Malachi's prophecy, uttered about 400 B. C., had been cited by the Angel Moroni, when he appeared to Joseph Smith, on the night of September 21, 1823. The angel, however, worded it "with a little variation from the way it reads in our Bibles"; and this is probably what Joseph had in mind when he said: "I might have rendered a plainer translation." Moroni's message, including the first verse of the fourth chapter of Malachi, was in these words:

"For behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall burn as stubble; for they that come shall burn them, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch.

"Behold, I will reveal unto you the Priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.

"And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers; if it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming."—*Pearl of Great Price*, page 90, edition of 1913.

### *The Keys of Elijah*

This same prophecy had been mentioned when the keys of Elijah were conferred upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, in April, 1836. Following is the record of that wonderful event:

"Elias appeared, and committed the dispensation of the gospel of Abraham, saying, that in us, and our seed, all generations after us should be blessed.

"After this vision had closed, another great and glorious vision burst upon us, for Elijah the prophet, who was taken to heaven without tasting death, stood before us and said:

"Behold, the time has fully come, which was spoken of by the mouth of Malachi, testifying that he (Elijah) should be sent before the great and dreadful day of the Lord come \* \* \*

"To turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse \* \* \*

"Therefore, the keys of this dispensation are committed into your hands; and by this ye may know that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near; even at the doors."—*Doctrine and Covenants* 110:12-16.

### *Forerunner and Finisher*

Elias, considered as a name, is the Greek equivalent of the Hebrew Elijah. Compared references in the New and Old Testaments clearly establish the verbal identity. But Joseph Smith distinguished between "the spirit of Elias" and "the spirit of Elijah"; the former a forerunner to prepare the way of the Lord, the latter holding the sealing powers necessary to complete the work of preparation for Messiah's advent.

### *Many Eliases*

Elijah, therefore, is not to be confounded with Elias—that is to

say, with the Elias who committed the keys of the Abrahamic dispensation. There are many Eliases, Joseph says, in the sense of the lesser preparing the way before the greater; and by one of them the keys of that dispensation were restored on the occasion described, so that the blessings anciently pronounced upon the Father of the Faithful might, through two of his descendants, be extended to his posterity, in modern times. For this purpose, among others, Joseph and Oliver had been divinely ordained.

### *A Timely Admonition*

"Lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." That sounds like a threat. But is it so? Is the Lord coming to curse the earth? Is that the purpose of his intended visit? I think not. On the contrary, the Lord is coming to bless the earth, to crown it with his glorious presence, to sanctify it for celestial exaltation; and the prediction concerning the messenger who would be sent to prepare the way before him, is not a threat, but a timely and kindly admonition.

### *Preparation Necessary*

The way must be prepared, so that the Lord can come with safety—with safety to the earth and its inhabitants; and those prophetic words are simply a warning of what would inevitably result from the sudden appearing of the Messiah, without due preparation being made to receive him. His glory would consume the earth. This solid globe would melt, or vanish like paper in a flame, if a people were not prepared and the way made ready for the advent of the King of kings. Instead of a blessing, as designed, it would be as a consuming curse, and Malachi so describes it.

This work of preparation might be compared to a breakwater, which receives the dashing waves of the ocean, lest they overwhelm and waste the land lying along the shore. Something of that character, though of a spiritual nature, is necessary, in order to meet the overwhelming tide of God's glory, which otherwise would sweep all before it. And the Saints, when they rear holy temples and officiate therein, or when obedient to any other behest of the Almighty, are building that spiritual breakwater. It is only a comparison, of course, and comparisons are never perfect; but it may serve to suggest the idea that I wish to convey.

Let us now inquire where, when, and under what circumstances this sacred work began.

### *Ancient Vicarious Baptisms*

We have no record of baptisms for the dead earlier than the Meridian Dispensation—the days of Jesus and the original Apostles. The practice would have been premature before Christ introduced the Gospel in the Spirit World. The principle is one that pertains more



particularly to the dispensation of the fulness of times, with which the meridian dispensation is closely connected.

That the Saints of former days practiced vicarious baptism, is evident from Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians (15:29), wherein the Apostle reproves backsliding doubters of the resurrection in these words: "Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead?" It is perfectly clear that Paul was referring to a practice then prevalent in the Church of Christ.

### *An Integral Part of the Gospel*

Baptism for the dead is an integral part of the Everlasting Gospel, as much so as baptism for the living. John the Baptist, as an Elias, prepared the Lord's way anciently, by preaching repentance and baptism for the remission of sins. He performed a similar office in modern times, when he conferred the Aaronic Priesthood upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, who forthwith proclaimed repentance and baptism to their generation. John the Baptist, as his name implies, is the great herald and exponent of baptism—water baptism—applicable to the dead as well as to the living. John baptized with water; Jesus with fire and the Holy Ghost. Baptism for the dead, which is of water and of the Spirit, must have been authorized by Jesus and by John; and that is why the ancient Saints practiced it, as indicated by Paul in his first Corinthian epistle.

### *The Beneficiaries*

In whose behalf was it practiced? Who were the beneficiaries? They were those who had died without a knowledge of the Gospel; those who were disobedient in the days of Noah, while the ark was preparing (I Peter 3:18-20): those whom the Son of God visited in the Spirit World, while his crucified body was lying in the tomb; in short, the dead to whom the gospel was preached, "that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." (Ibid 4:6.) The dead here spoken of doubtless included those who were disobedient before the days of Noah.

And now as to the history of this sacred principle in our own dispensation.

### *In Latter Days*

Baptism for the dead was first mentioned in public by the Prophet Joseph Smith, at the funeral of Elder Seymour Brunson, on the 10th of August, 1840. He again referred to it on October 19, of that year, in a letter to the twelve apostles, most of whom were then absent in Europe. The Prophet stated in this letter that he had "given general instruction in the Church on the subject." (*Essentials in Church History*, page 304.) The character of those instructions may be gleaned from the following excerpts of an editorial article, written



by President Joseph Smith, and published in the *Times and Seasons*, at Nauvoo:

### *Editorial Instruction*

"It is an opinion which is generally received, that the destiny of man is irretrievably fixed at his death; and that he is made either eternally happy, or eternally miserable:—that if a man dies without a knowledge of God, he must be eternally damned, without any mitigation of his punishment, alleviation of his pain, or the most latent hope of deliverance, while endless ages shall roll along.

"However orthodox this principle may be, we shall find that it is at variance with the testimony of holy writ; for our Savior says that all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven \* \* \* but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven—neither in this world, nor in the world to come, evidently showing that there are sins which may be forgiven in the world to come."

"We have an account of our Savior preaching to the spirits in prison; to spirits that had been imprisoned from the days of Noah, and what did he preach to them? that they were to stay there? Certainly not; let his own declaration testify: 'He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised.' Luke 4:18. Isaiah has it: 'To bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.' Is. 42:7. It is very evident from this that he not only went to preach to them, but to deliver, or bring them out of the prison house.

"Isaiah, in testifying concerning the calamities that will overtake the inhabitants of the earth says: 'The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard; and \* \* \* it shall fall and not rise again. And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall punish the hosts of the high ones that are on high, and the kings of the earth upon the earth. And they shall be gathered together as prisoners are gathered in the pit, and shall be shut up in prison, and after many days shall they be visited.'

"Thus we find that God will deal with all the human family equally; and that as the antediluvians had their day of visitation, so will those characters referred to by Isaiah, have their time of visitation and deliverance, after having been many days in prison."

### *The Nauvoo Temple*

On the 19th of January, 1841, came a revelation urging upon the Saints the imperative necessity for the erection of a temple at Nauvoo. In that revelation the Lord says: "For a baptismal font there is not upon the earth, that they, my saints, may be baptized for those who are dead." (Doc. and Cov. 124:29.) The temple at Kirtland, Ohio, which was built several years before the date of this revelation, had no baptismal font, the time not having then arrived for this kind of work to begin. It was in the Kirtland temple, however, that the keys of Elijah were restored, by virtue of which the work for the dead was afterwards inaugurated.

### *River Baptisms*

When the revelation of January 19 was given, baptisms for the dead were being performed in the Mississippi river; the Lord

permitting it for a season, with the understanding that after the Saints had had sufficient time to build a temple and place a baptismal font therein, the river baptisms should be discontinued.

The cornerstones of the Nauvoo temple were laid on the 6th of April, 1841, and in the ensuing October the building was so far advanced that it could be used for baptismal purposes; a font having been put in the basement, and the incomplete structure boarded over. This signalized the discontinuance of the river baptisms.

### *First Baptisms in the Temple*

A month later, or on the 8th of November, Brigham Young, who was then president of the twelve apostles, dedicated the baptismal font, and on the 21st of that month, the first baptisms for the dead were performed in the Nauvoo temple. This labor went on there as long as the Saints remained in Illinois, and it has been continued in all the temples since erected by them.

### *Eight Temples Built*

So far, eight temples have been built by the Latter-day Saints—one in Ohio, one in Illinois, four in Utah, one in Hawaii, and one in Canada. Also, there is one in course of erection in Arizona. Others have been projected, but not finished owing to the persecutions and drivings of our people. The greatest of these temples is in Salt Lake City. It cost over three million dollars, and was forty years in building.

### *The Utah Genealogical Society*

The erection of such structures has been accompanied by a constantly growing interest in genealogical work—the gathering of names, dates and facts pertaining to the departed, who have had or are yet to have temple work done for them by their living kindred or friends. On November 13, 1894, the Utah Genealogical Society was organized at Salt Lake City; its founder and first president being Franklin D. Richards, Apostle and Church Historian. The purpose of this society is “to collect, compile, establish and maintain a genealogical library for the use of its members, and also to be educational in disseminating information regarding all such matters.” The Genealogical Library, consisting of more than eight thousand volumes, including nearly every nationality, occupies commodious rooms on the top floor of the magnificent Church Building in Salt Lake City. As stated in the recently published *Life of Franklin D. Richards*: “Large numbers of people are availing themselves of the valuable information to be procured through this channel, and thus the work for the dead has been given a great impetus.”

### *Outside Interest Awakened*

Almost a world-wide interest in matters genealogical has been awakened outside the pale of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-

day Saints. Men and women of wealth have devoted large sums of money for the collection and compilation of data pertaining to their ancestors, and societies have been formed in this and in other nations for the preparation and publication of family histories. And the end is not yet; the work is still going on, and increasing year after year with unabated enthusiasm.

Those engaged in compiling these genealogies—those in the outside world, I mean—admit that they do not know why they have been moved upon to put forth such efforts, and go to so much expense, as this labor entails. Having done the work, they confess their surprise that they should ever have undertaken it, having no particular use for the records after they are made.

### *The Reason Why*

But the Latter-day Saints comprehend the why and wherefore; for the Lord has revealed it to them. They know that the widespread interest in such matters has sprung up since the third day of April, 1836, when Elijah the Prophet appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery in the Kirtland temple, and conferred upon them the keys "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and the children to the fathers." And they gratefully recognize the hand of the Lord in the invaluable assistance rendered from outside sources, without which the task of gathering their genealogies would have proved exceedingly difficult, if not absolutely impossible.

### *Greatness and Glory of Elijah's Mission*

In order to fully comprehend the mission of Elijah—if indeed the finite mind can comprehend it in its fulness—one must take a higher and broader view than is ordinarily taken of this sublime subject. It is a glorious thing to go into the House of the Lord and redeem one's departed ancestors; but there is something more glorious still connected therewith, and the Prophet Joseph presented it in that wonderful epistle of September 6, 1842. Speaking first of the importance of records and record-keeping, he says:

"Whatsoever you record on earth shall be recorded in heaven, and whatsoever you do not record on earth shall not be recorded in heaven; for out of the books shall your dead be judged, according to their own works, whether they themselves have attended to the ordinances in their own *propria persona*, or by means of their own agents, according to the ordinance which God has prepared for their salvation from before the foundation of the world, according to the records which they have kept concerning their dead." (Doc. and Cov. 128:8.)

He also quotes the words of Malachi—repeatedly referred to in the course of this article; mentions the "welding link" between the living and the dead, and then adds:



*All In One*

"It is necessary in the ushering in of the dispensation of the fulness of times, which dispensation is now beginning to usher in, that a whole and complete and perfect union, and welding together of dispensations, and keys, and powers, and glories should take place, and be revealed from the days of Adam even to the present time. And not only this, but those things which never have been revealed from the foundation of the world, but have been kept hid from the wise and prudent, shall be revealed unto babes and sucklings in this, the dispensation of the fulness of times." (Doc. and Cov. 128:18.)

There it is—there is the greatness and the glory of Elijah's mission—the binding of the gospel dispensations, and the bringing together of all things in Christ, both in heaven and on earth; in short, the universal restitution promised by the mouths of holy prophets since the world began.

"Why send Elijah?" asks the Prophet, and answers his own question thus: "Because he holds the keys of the authority to administer in all the ordinances of the Priesthood; and without the authority is given, the ordinances could not be administered in righteousness." In the same connection he states that "Elijah was the last prophet that held the keys of the priesthood." (*History of the Church*, vol. 6, pp. 249-254.)

Elijah, whose name stands for the completeness of preparation for the coming of the Lord, had to be sent in the last days, in order that the gospel dispensations, extending like a mighty chain through all the centuries of time, might be bound together, prior to Messiah's glorious advent.

*The Gospel Dispensations*

What is meant by the term "dispensation"? In the sense that I am now using it, it means the opening of the heavens and the dispensing or giving forth of the principles of the Everlasting Gospel, with the powers of the Eternal Priesthood, for purposes of salvation. It also signifies the period of time during which those saving principles and powers remain operative after being restored to man. Earth has had more than one dispensation of the gospel. It did not originate in the days of the ancient apostles. It was a restored religion then, as it is a restored religion now. Framed in the heavens, before this earth was organized, it has been revealed to man again and again in a series of dispensations, reaching from the days of Adam down to the days of Joseph Smith.

*God's Covenant with Adam*

God covenanted with Adam that the gospel should be in the world from the beginning to the end thereof, and it has been kept in the world by repeated restorations or dispensations, the keys of which were conferred upon the prophet presiding over this dispensation,

so that the work of binding all together might be consummated and the work of the Lord wound up as pertaining to this planet.

*Elias—Elijah—Messiah*

Says Joseph, in the discourse from which I have just quoted: "The spirit of Elias is first, Elijah second, and Messiah last. Elias is a forerunner to prepare the way, and the spirit and power of Elijah is to come after, holding the keys of power, building the temple to the capstone, placing the seals of the Melchizedek priesthood upon the house of Israel; and making all things ready; then Messiah comes to his temple; which is last of all."

*"Divers Angels"*

Earlier in the same discourse is found this notable utterance:

"I saw an angel, and he laid his hands upon my head, and ordained me to a priest after the order of Aaron, and to hold the keys of his priesthood, which office was to preach repentance and baptism for the remission of sins, and also to baptize. But I was informed that this office did not extend to the laying on of hands for the giving of the Holy Ghost; that that office was a greater work, and was to be given afterward; but that my ordination was a preparatory work, or a going before, which was the spirit of Elias."

But the spirit of Elijah rested upon him later. Following the visitation of the Father and the Son, proclaiming the opening of a new gospel dispensation, came "divers angels"—first Moroni, revealing the Book of Mormon and the gospel as contained therein; then, in succession, John the Baptist, restoring the Aaronic priesthood; Peter, James, and John, restoring the Melchizedek priesthood and "declaring themselves as possessing the keys of the kingdom and of the dispensation of the fulness of times;" then Moses, Elias, and Elijah, conferring their respective keys and powers. Other angels, such as Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, are likewise mentioned by the Prophet in this connection. All these ministrations were for the purpose of bringing about a condition of unity and completeness absolutely essential to the perfection of the Lord's work.

*Perfection the Object*

Perfection is the great end in view. Nothing imperfect, nothing incomplete, can inherit the fulness of God's glory. It would be out of place there and could not endure. Jesus said to his disciples: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Eternal marriage helps to illustrate the point. "The man is not without the woman nor the woman without the man, in the Lord." United, they represent completeness, each being the complement of the other. Apart, they are incomplete, and cannot pass on to exaltation.

The same is true of parent and child, typifying past and present.

Neither is complete without the other. What Has Been must be joined to What Is, in order that perfection may reign. The keys of Moses were given, that there might be a gathering of scattered Israel. But a greater gathering was also in prospect, and the keys of Elijah were restored, that a welding link might be forged to unite the present and the past, and that all things in Christ, whether on earth or in heaven, might eventually be brought together and the separate and discordant parts attuned and blended in one harmonious whole.

"Brethren," says the Prophet, in that marvelous outburst of inspiration with which the subject closes, "shall we not go on in so great a cause? Go forward and not backward. Courage, brethren; and on, on to the victory! Let your hearts rejoice, and be exceedingly glad. Let the earth break forth into singing. Let the dead speak forth anthems of eternal praise to the King Immanuel, who hath ordained before the world was, that which would enable us to redeem them out of their prison; *for the prisoners shall go free!*"

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## Obstacles

The test of the strength of the cable  
Is e'er in the fiercest of storms;  
The test of each man is in trial  
In all of its various forms.

Each time we meet sorrow superbly  
Makes the life more grand and sublime,  
For sorrow refines and enobles,  
If met with a faith that's divine.

The brightest of lightning comes ever  
From clouds that are most dark and drear,  
From hottest of furnaces, also,  
The purest of ore will appear.

The man who will smile through his trouble,  
O'er coming and rising above,  
Each obstacle which may assail him,  
Will grow strong, and gain people's love.

Let failures prove stepping stones only  
To later and greater success;  
Brave storms of life ever with courage,  
Then real growth our efforts will bless.

Oh, be not discouraged and downcast,  
No matter what obstacles rise,  
Go onward and forward and conquer,  
And they'll prove a help in disguise.



# THE PILGRIM OF THE WEST

BY JUDGE WALLACE McCAMANT

[The National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution held their annual congress in Salt Lake City, in July, 1924. Many patriotic speeches were delivered during the meetings, and Past President-General Judge Wallace McCamant, spoke at the annual banquet on July 22, 1924, at the Hotel Utah. Through the courtesy of Hon. George Albert Smith, vice-president-general, and the kind consent of Judge McCamant the *Era* is privileged to print the speech. Judge McCamant was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, September 22, 1867; was educated at the Harrisburg public schools, and graduated from Lafayette College in 1888; was admitted to the bar of the second judicial district in Pennsylvania in 1890; thence removed to Oregon where he has ever since practiced his profession. He has acted as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Oregon; was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1896, 1900, and 1920; and placed in nomination President Calvin Coolidge for the Vice-presidency; has been a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, since 1891; was president-general in 1921; is deeply interested in the work of the Masonic Fraternity; and was president of the Oregon Bar Association from 1919-20. "The Pilgrim of the West" will interest our readers because of its patriotic contents and its just meed of praise to the Western pioneers, including the settlers of Utah and Idaho and surrounding states.—EDITORS.]

The Nineteenth Century was a marvelous age. One of its most important achievements was the conquest of the American continent. At the beginning of the century Anglo-Saxon civilization had barely crossed the Appalachians. At the end of the century the continent was studded with finished modern cities stretching from Pittsburg to San Francisco. A population of five millions had expanded into a population of seventy-five millions. The standard of living at the end of the century was higher than any the world had theretofore known and higher than obtained anywhere else.

The story of the conquest of the continent has a fascination which the writers of fiction and the moving picture magnates well understand. Those men and women who turned their faces westward were empire builders. Their courage and self-reliance arrest our attention. They were largely those who chafed under the bonds of convention. The pioneer could live his own life. Measured by our standards it was a comfortless life, but it had a charm for thousands. They accepted the hardships for the sake of the atmosphere surcharged with the ozone of freedom. The frontier developed strong men; the weakling succumbed to its tests. The homely virtues of industry and frugality were essential to existence in a new country. In a sparsely settled country all men are well-known. Such a community is no place for the impostor. The winners of the West were and had to be a genuine people.

All students of the conditions under which our forefathers lived

must be impressed with their isolation. The means of communication were unspeakably bad and the people lived their lives with little touch with the world except in their immediate communities. These conditions bred provincialism. There were many whose patriotism was circumscribed by state lines. The people of the original states differed in historic background and in religious affiliation. Society was organized on different lines in north and south. We would have had no federal constitution and no national solidarity but for the magnificent leadership bestowed upon us by Divine Providence in our formative period.

With the adoption of the Federal Constitution the battle was only half won. Centrifugal forces were still powerful. If the country was to be permanently united, there was required a national spirit, a loyalty to the flag as the symbol of a union beneficent and perpetual. This spirit was built up on the frontier. There New Englander met Virginian, Pennsylvanian lived with Carolinian. Each learned the worth of the other. Such men as Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln were the fruition of frontier life. In their devotion through good report and ill to our federal union, they represented the constituencies in which their characters were formed. They differed from each other on many public questions, but in each testing they proved that their supreme loyalty was paid to an indestructible union built upon the Constitution and symbolized by the flag. The spirit of the frontier reacted powerfully on the populations farther east. It is one of the glories of New England that the national spirit which had been growing up in the hearts of the people found expression in the ringing periods of Daniel Webster in his reply to Hayne; but the spirit of this great oration was largely the result of frontier contacts and the orator was not fitted for his great work until he had sat in Congress for nearly two decades with men from the West who were permeated with the spirit of national solidarity. But for the influence of the frontier there would have been a very different response to Webster's oration and to Jackson's defiance of the nullifiers.

The Americanism of the frontier found abundant expression in the life of the new communities. The school house was the first landmark of community life. The log college followed in due course. Everywhere there was recognition of the necessity for education as a qualification for citizenship. The sacrifices made to found and maintain these schools and colleges are eloquent of the high ideals of the founders of these western commonwealths.

A free and easy life obtained in the new settlements. There was little disposition to tell the individual how he should live his life and this was one of the charms of a new country. But there were among the pioneers in every section men who feared God. The church followed shortly after the school in the development of community life. The circuit rider was a real hero. It was his task to comfort the

bereaved and afflicted, to proclaim the immutable principles of righteousness and to strengthen faith in the things which endure.

The points on which the great bulk of Americans are in accord in their religious belief are more numerous and more important than those on which they differ.

In the settlement of the West, one denomination did pioneering here, another there. In every considerable settlement there was a church where reverence to God and duty to man were taught.

A court followed in due course. Every new community has recognized the importance of justice judicially administered as the foundation on which our civilization is built up.

It is one of the glories of the great West that there have been found in its pioneer population judges just, able, fearless and loyal to the principles of the Constitution and that the pioneers have had the wisdom and the virtue to select these men to discharge judicial duties.

Throughout our history the dominant influence of the new West has been the native American element. Until recently the melting pot has worked satisfactorily in moulding into a homogeneous population the sons of the immigrant and the sons of the American Revolution. The spirit of the West has always been a spirit of hospitality. There has been a welcome for any man who came to make this country his home, to do his share of the work and to carry his share of the burden in transforming desert and wilderness into comfortable and finished communities.

When the time came for statehood, in all the West there was no disagreement as to fundamentals. Every constitution contained its bill of rights; it provided for a system of checks and balances, for a distribution of the powers into three departments, for a government permeated with American principles. There was hearty agreement everywhere that all power should spring from the people.

The rapid development of the West is a demonstration of the excellence of our political system. Under our guarantees of free speech, a free press and the right of petition, the collective wisdom can be brought to bear on all our programs. We were able to work out the wisest system of agrarian legislation the world has ever known. Its cornerstones are the homestead and mineral entry statutes. They have not only accelerated the settlement of the great West, they have made its people a race of land-owners and home-builders.

The unprecedented speed with which the great West has been settled cannot be accounted for by the richness of our natural resources. A century ago these resources were undeveloped. No one knew of the copper which underlays the soil at Butte and Anaconda, or of the gold to be found in Colorado and California. No one knew of the Comstock lode or the Silver King. Nebraska and the Dakotas were marked on the maps as the great American desert. The political



genius of the American people is the great secret of the winning of the West. The protection of property rights, the assurance that the obligation of contract cannot be impaired, have been the incentive to transform desert into farm and mountain into mine. The land laws have facilitated the conquest, but back of all the work of the pioneer has been the Constitution, throwing the protection of its guarantees around each man and each woman who participated in the mighty work whose fruition is the joy of this generation.

The development of the West has done much to relieve congestion of population in the older states and to keep America the land of opportunity.

Necessity is the mother of invention. The necessities which this era of development have made manifest have been a great incentive to the invention of the harvester and reaper and the other machines which for the first time in history have abolished famine and assured plenty.

The development of the West required railroads and telegraphs. When the means of communication were supplied there grew up communities cosmopolitan, broad-gauge and sympathetic with all parts of the Union. In this latter respect the West is more truly American than any other part of the country. We who live in these western cities mingle from day to day with natives of every section of the United States. We find something to tie to in all of them and our disposition is to regard Americans everywhere as a great brotherhood.

All honor to the pioneers wheresoever they pitched their tents, but a special tribute is due to the settlers of Utah, California and Oregon. The other western states were settled by a gradual extension of the cultivated area. These three commonwealths were peopled by men and women who journeyed far through wastes and wilds.

The settlers of this goodly state were actuated by the same motive which took the Pilgrims to Plymouth. Read in the seventh volume of McMaster the story of the persecutions which drove them out of Illinois and Missouri and if you have the spirit of a true American your blood will boil. Look about you and see the garden country which they have carved out of the desert, see this finished modern city with its schools and its churches, its homes and its red-blooded citizens and you cannot withhold a tribute.

When Oregon was settled, eight decades ago, there was no stopping place between the Missouri River and the Willamette Valley. The long trail was marked by the bones of those who fell by the way. No weakling ever made that journey. The settlers of Oregon were brave men and true women. The same may be said of the argonauts who laid the foundations of the great imperial commonwealth of the Pacific. The influence of these founders still lives in the states where

they lived and wrought. It speaks in the intense devotion of the people to the principles of the American Revolution.

Let there be light in the western wilds,  
The spirit of progress said,  
And thousands followed the devious paths  
Where the sturdy woodsmen led.

They crossed the mountain's beetling crags  
And the deserts brown and bare.  
And on the shores of the western main  
They planted the old flag there.

As the blue of the sky and the blue of the wave  
Mingle and blend in the sea,  
It mingled its colors with those of the wave  
To herald the march of the free.

And the echoing thud of the woodsman's ax  
And the roar of his trusty gun  
Told in a voice that woke up the woods  
How this western land was won.

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## No Boy Is Bad

BY JOSEPH S. PEERY

Every boy is royal born—a child of God. Like begets like, and it is natural for children to grow like their parents. The boy is naturally good, and, with favorable environments, he would remain good. As Oscar Kirkham says, "It is not lost a boy, but lost, a leader for that boy."

Had young Leopold and Loeb been reared on the farm to work, with a job in the church helping others become better, they would be fine young men today. Andrew Carnegie said, "The worst thing that can happen to a young man is to be left with plenty of money and nothing to do." Such a combination is a terrible barrier for a young man to surmount. Such a handicap weakens his initiative and attacks his moral fiber from all directions.

The "Mormon" boy generally is reared to work, and from early youth is giving service. He becomes a "doer of the word" and, in helping others become better, he develops into a fine young man.

Most crimes are committed by young men from eighteen to twenty-two. At this vital period in life, the "Mormon" boy goes on his mission, the Lord's school, and thereby becomes a super man. In traveling, his viewpoint is broadened. In studying scripture and preaching the word of God, his spiritual nature is nourished. In humility he learns to pray to his best friend. He is happy in living his very best self. No wonder tourists remark, "We have met your missionaries, and they are the finest type of young people in the world."

In the Church activities, there is safety, growth, salvation eternal.

## THE HERITAGE AND PROMISE

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, AUTHOR OF "ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF MORMONISM"

### III

But the Latter-day Saints are a chosen people in another sense than that they have been picked out from the nations by the magnet of the gospel. For conditions after their conversion to "Mormonism" have tended to sift the stronger from the weaker with a view to the survival of the fittest.

Four times in their history have the "Mormons" been expelled from their homes in different states by the ill will of their neighbors.

In eighteen hundred thirty-one, when the Church was less than a year old, they were forced to seek refuge from scorn and hatred in western New York state by settling in Ohio. In a few years public sentiment in this latter state compelled them to abandon their farms and homes, their employment and their temple, and flee to Missouri, which was then the frontier of the United States. Scarcely nine years had elapsed in Missouri when they were forced by an armed mob to seek a new retreat in Illinois. Finally, in this last state, after they had built a beautiful city, the wonder of the West, popular feeling, crystalized in mob violence and armed with the power of the law, drove them, in eighteen hundred forty-six, beyond the pale of the nation to eke out an existence among the Indians on the Great American Desert, or to die of hunger.

In order to show just how these external conditions worked as a sifter, an instance may be given in enough detail to reveal the elements of character involved.

One of these "Mormons" was an apostle of the faith, a man of general culture intelligence and refinement. He had joined the Church during the first year of its existence, had soon become prominent in the organization, and had shared the vicissitudes of his people in three states. He had been arrested, and, with other leaders of the Church, had been sentenced by court martial to be shot. These men were now in prison waiting for the sentence to be executed.

Early one morning, before the rest were awake, he rose from his bed on the unmattressed floor, where he had slept without covering. The door was unbarred, and the place momentarily without guard. Should he escape? The weather favored him, for it was snowing, and the snow would cover up his tracks. Following his first impulse, he went out at the door, walked and then ran into some woods a mile or so away.

Here he sat down on a fallen tree and reflected. Should he go forward to his former home in Ohio or back to his fate? In the



Buckeye state he had some land with a house on it. He could escape there, send for his wife, renounce his unpopular religion, and live in peace with his neighbors. That was the prospect on the one hand. On the other hand, there were continued enmity with outsiders, persecution at their hands, unpopularity with the world, maybe death from a rifle shot within a few days at most.

It was a moment fraught with the deepest tragedy. But he answered the question to his own soul by returning to the jail and his comrades!

This is but one out of many thousand cases that might be cited to show how the "Mormon" people have been tested in the Great Separator. Time and again have they been forced to show what mettle of the pasture they were of. During those early days of outward opposition not a "Mormon" but could reacquire the good will of his former friends and his external peace by renouncing his allegiance to Joseph Smith. Not in effect only, but in words as well, has this highwayman's challenge been put to their faith: "Your religion or your life!" Sometimes they have ignobly chosen their "life," but generally they have preferred their religion to their life. It is difficult for us to believe that there have been times in the history of our country when to be a "Mormon" meant to incur the hatred and detestation of the whole American people, to be deprived of political rights that were supposed to be inalienable to American citizenship, and to be associated in the popular mind with all that is undesirable. Yet it is so.

Now, in this fiery furnace, seven times heated, only the hardier spirits have survived. The rest succumbed to the flame. It is said that in the never-to-be-forgotten handcart company, touching beyond all things else in "Mormon" history, any member of that ill-starred group could have died by just lingering behind and giving up. Many of them did this, but the most of them survived by just not giving up. And this has been true of members of the Church, especially those who have come up through the tribulation of the early days—they might have purchased immunity from persecution, loss of property and rights, and the scorn of outsiders by renouncing their belief in miracles and new revelation and the priesthood. They had the courage and fortitude, however, to refuse to do this.

#### IV

"Sons and daughters of the Western pioneers," exclaims David Starr Jordan, in an outburst of praise for the men who deal with things, "yours is the best blood in the realm."

The "best blood in the realm" is not that of the social aristocrat, the silk-stocking class, the group that traces its lineage back to some landed gentry who acquired their property originally by practicing the burglar's art, or by receiving it through aiding and abetting a

burglar king in some predatory war. Nor is the "best blood" necessarily that which flows through the veins of the rich in rents and interest, whether their wealth came through an inheritance and a life of ease or through the sweat and tears of the man with the hoe, toiling in the sun. Nor again is that the "best blood" which pulses through the body of kings, for these have oftener than not been cruel, unintelligent, even depraved, many of them without a single virtue to recommend them to posterity. The "best blood" is not even in the so-called aristocracy of the intellect, the class that is trained in colleges and universities, for knowledge is not synonymous with character.

But the "best blood," on the contrary, is in the men and women who live the life of industry, of honesty, of sobriety, of godliness, and who attempt, however ineffectively, to abide by the Christian rule of conduct—and that, too, irrespective of whether their lot is cast in the turmoil of the city or in the silence of the farm, whether they work with the hand or with the brain, whether they tread "the paths of glory" or follow the example of the "mute, inglorious Miltons," of whom the poet speaks. People of this class everywhere constitute the backbone of nations. Not the accident of birth and environment, therefore, determines what blood is in a man, but rather the fundamentals of character and habits. The "best blood" is in the "aristocracy of worth."

There is something eternally fascinating in the doings and character of the pioneer, whether he works in the field of thought or of action. He may be pushing his primitive barque out over the "up-mountain seas" of the ancients, in search of a new route somewhere, or he may be shoving out the frontiers of civilization another mile into the wilderness, or he may be cutting out a new segment in the subtle realms of the mind, where no man may follow, except to see the fruits. It does not matter; none can stand by and look on but with wonderment at the masterful will in man.

No one can read without a feeling of absolute awe the uplifting story of Columbus, who, in spite of the murderous plottings of his ignorant sailors, pursued his way with steadiness of purpose across the unknown seas, sustained only by his indomitable will and the conviction that he had received a divine appointment to seek a new route to the West. Or the story of the Jesuite missionaries to the world that the great Genoese had laid bare, who, leaving the comforts of the cloister with its books and gardens and quiet life of thought, literally facing martyrdom in the wilderness of the New World, with its entangling jungles, its treacherous streams, and its savage life of ceaseless danger, in order to teach the natives of America the gentleness and peace of Christ and his Good News. Or the story of Pasteur, working amid all but insurmountable material difficulties and the opposition of the unteachable medical science of his time, but accomplishing nevertheless the greatest revolution during thirty centuries of

medicine and surgery, to the unmeasured blessing of humanity through all generations.

Equally inspiring is the record of those hardy and adventurous spirits, men and women both, who braved the perils of the Western frontiers. Abandoning a life of comparative ease, they took their ways out to the untrammelled mountains and plains of the West to conquer or to die. With tireless industry they hewed down the forest, they plowed and sowed and reaped, they erected such dwellings as the materials at hand would allow, they spanned the rivers and creeks with bridges, they built rude highways to connect the towns of a locality, they established schools and churches, till by slow degrees they brought whatever elements of civilized life existed in the East and planted it securely on the foundation of a new life, to the enrichment of both.

Among those who established Western America, however, the settlers of Utah are easily the outstanding figures, for the reason that, in addition to the usual hardships experienced by the pioneers of the West in general, there are present in the first settlement of the Beehive State elements that are not to be found in those of any other Western community.

Like other pioneers of the West the "Mormons" were under the necessity of establishing roads to connect the towns in building. But they had also to make a road for the most part across the long stretch of uninhabited territory between the Missouri river and the Salt Lake Basin. They had a similar hard-fought contest with nature, wresting from her reluctant hand a meagre subsistence, happy if the grasshopper and the cricket and the drouth did not lay waste their growing crops. And then, too, they had their homes to make, their churches and school houses to build, and a civil government to form with power enough to protect them from themselves and others.

All these hardships of primitive life the "Mormons" shared in common with Western pioneers in general. But others they had that were peculiar.

The country to which they came was about as inhospitable by nature as could be found on the continent. On the maps of the period it was designated the "Great American Desert." Daniel Webster described it in a senate speech as "a worthless area, a region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs." Utah, as it came to be called, was the driest part of this region, and Salt Lake valley, where the first settlements were made, was a dreary part of Utah. Indeed, the very soil here refused to respond to the hand till its thirsty alkali had been quenched by water turned from the canyon streams in canals and ditches. Life in this region therefore, would necessarily tax more heavily the hardy virtues of the pioneer than in a country where "you had but to tickle the land and it laughed with plenty."

Another thing that accentuates the character and accomplishments of the Utah pioneers is their motive in settling here. Early immigrants to the West almost invariably left their homes eastward because they expected to improve their material condition in the new home. Accordingly, they selected such parts of the country as looked the most promising from this point of view. Of this fact California is the most signal instance. With the "Mormons" however, it was different. In coming West they were seeking a place where they might find, not prosperity, but safety and religious freedom. They sought a spot where they could worship God in their own way without molestation from others. This fundamental right they had been denied in Ohio, in Missouri, and in Illinois, where they had successively lived. Now, as love of God is higher than love of gold, so the character of the "Mormon" pioneers rises above that of the pioneers of Western America generally; just as the character and accomplishments of the Puritans of New England were superior to those of the first settlers, say, of Virginia, not because they suffered more—although they probably did this—but because their motives were higher.

Nor is this the only indication of the character of the early settlers of Utah. First settlers in any part of America, whether in the East or in the West, never rose above the log cabin. Certainly they did not proceed to erect costly edifices. This work they left to their more prosperous children and their children's children. The Jewish temple at Jerusalem, the wonder and admiration of the age, was built when the Israelites were at the height of their wealth and power. But the "Mormons" erected a temple in the sage-brush, when they were in dire need of food. In the log-cabin period they undertook to build a million dollar edifice! Not only so. They erected a tabernacle under these circumstances that is still unique and still one of the greatest auditoriums in the world; and a theatre that for many years afterwards remained one of the finest in America. This foresight and enterprise are absolutely without a parallel in history.

Why are we so deeply moved by the spectacle of the pioneer in any cause of moment?

Essentially the reason lies, as already intimated, in the character of the pioneer. Something of fear there is in us all of what lies beyond our bodily ken. Often it amounts to sheer terror. Because the future lies hidden from our view, it is to the average man fraught with such grave uncertainty as to be faced with dismay. Moreover, it is the nature of most men to love the soft places, to wait for things to happen, instead of going out after them. Action requires not only energy, but effort directed by vision and intelligence—and these qualities are possessed by only superior spirits in life. To the men who sailed with Columbus on that first voyage, there were both the fear that if they ventured out too far they would fall off, and the terror of the huge sea monsters with which their imagination had peopled the



Atlantic. But the great navigator was lifted above this petty fear and superstition by his vision and his knowledge. And so he faced the unknown with a superb faith and courage that challenges our admiration.

Compare the moderns, who live in childless apartment houses; who run about like mad in mortgaged automobiles; who seek to "serve" the public in offices gotten too often by false promises and bribery; who wrestle ignominiously with shekels in the countinghouses, and commit suicide when the balance is on the wrong side; who dish up in newspaper and magazine private scandal for the delectation of readers with a nose for sensation; who build houses that stand up only long enough to be sold at twice their value; who, henlike, sit year after year on dollars and dimes that God never made at all in order to hatch more dollars and dimes; who depict characters and situations for the film that should never be seen outside the filthy mire in which their prototypes eke out their vile existence—compare, I say, with these self-seeking and ease-loving individuals, with the pioneers of the West, especially of Utah, whose life was cast with the elemental things in the world, as they battled with "the terrible north wind, sighing and sinking his voice as in secret," the "great storm-clouds rolling above them, formless grey daughters of the air"; as they struggled with the shifting dust of the region where they settled, which they forced to produce only by the supreme effort of diverting the mountain streams into canals and ditches, sometimes actually dug with pick and shovel; as they threaded their way up the steep mountain or through the deep gorge, to see if the valley beyond might not be made habitable through the same means that had conquered in the mother community; as they hewed down the trees and shaped them with ax and saw into material for houses and barns that would outlast many generations; or as, with no thought of discouragement or fear, they visioned the future and provided, not in words alone, but in deeds, larger opportunities for their children than had come to themselves, building in a substantial manner step by step a civilization that could be passed on to others.

Is it any wonder that we instinctively look back through the years and revere the men and women who braved so many dangers without flinching and who builded so securely the foundations of our life?

*(To be continued)*

### Maxims

The best poems have never been written.

The best oration has never been said.

The best play has never been given.

The best essay has yet to be read.

The best song has yet to be sung.

The best race has yet to be won.

o

E. L. SPRING.

# THE RUN-A-WAY BABIES

## At Christmastide

BY LULA GREENE RICHARDS

The Board of Directors of the "White & Co. General Merchandise" store in Hazelburg, had a difficult problem on hand which must be taken care of immediately. That was the reason the faces of those half dozen strong business men were looking perplexed and fierce almost to danger points as they sat in special council on the morning of December 24.

The year was closing handsomely for them, as far as their financial affairs were concerned. Hard work and wise plans carefully pushed to completion had brought to the company splendid returns. They had now the large, well-established store, in the business office of which they were now sitting, and two lively branches of the same—one sixty miles south in Gleanington, and the other forty miles farther on in Summerville. All three were well equipped and in excellent running order, with best prospects. Their well doing had not been for themselves alone but for all with whom they had dealings. So they had multitudes of friends and, as far as their knowledge extended, not an enemy in the world. What then could be troubling those worthy men so seriously on the day before Christmas when everyone should be unreservedly hopeful and happy?

Briefly stated, it was this: At a late hour the evening before, Colonel White, the president of the corporation, had received a special delivery letter from the superintendent of their store in Summerville which conveyed the unthought of intelligence that, on the morning of December 24, said superintendent at the White & Co. store in Summerville would withdraw from connection with the firm by simply "walking out." No cause for this sudden action was assigned, no alternative mentioned—the declaration was final, without reserve. The men felt stunned. What was to be done?

A large, stout auto rolled into the parking place and stopped in front of the store window where the board sat in council.

"Here's our man! All ready to drive to Summerville and straighten things up there," called out a member of the board who was first to recognize the driver of the car as he entered the store with a sprightly step and a smiling face which were good to witness.

Frank Durney was a young man of twenty-three who had lived that length of time on earth to excellent advantage. For the last three years he had been an employee of White & Co.—for two years a traveling salesman. He had proved himself industrious, economical, painstaking and trustworthy in all requirements made of him. He

was fine-looking, having a splendid physique and a kind, pleasing countenance. Naturally cheerful and agreeable, he was a general favorite and valuable exemplar for all associates, old and young.

The office door stood open and the young man looked in, "What's on hand? Maybe you don't want me here just now," he remarked after a simple greeting to all.

"Yes we *do* want you right now!" the president said emphatically.

"We do! We do!" echoed the others.

"Your coming just now is decidedly opportune," Colonel White continued, "but how is it you are here this morning when you did not expect to get back before the middle of the week between Christmas and New Years?"

"Just a few extra streaks of our uncommon good luck, Colonel," answered the salesman cheerily. "I have been particularly favored in striking good bargains."

"We are particularly glad that you are here. We need you at Summerville, as soon as you can get there," replied Colonel White.

"That sounds better than anything else you could have said to me—sounds as if I may yet have the happy privilege of spending Christmas with my blessed mother!" Frank responded, with sudden elation.

He accepted an invitation to be seated with the board. All that was known of the hasty withdrawal of the superintendent at Summerville was explained to him, and he was asked to go at once and take charge of affairs in the store there in his home town, and immediately after the holidays all details would be attended to. His salary would be more than doubled, of this he was assured.

Certainly the responsibility of the new situation would be very much greater than any he had ever assumed, but, being familiar with the work in all departments of the store, through diligence in seeking to be generally useful and of as great service to his employers as possible, he felt no uneasiness regarding his ability to do justice to the more extended calling. But Frank Durney could scarcely realize that so wonderful an amount of good fortune was actually being presented to him. He had no language to express the exuberant joy and gratitude he felt for the marvelous opening which seemed to mean the fulfilment of every wish or desire of his young and ardent soul. He loved work for its own sake. Oh, with what satisfaction he could do his work now! Not only would he be allowed to spend his nights, and the brief hours he might call his own, at home with his widowed mother, but very soon he could be able to furnish her almost every comfort her refined and cultured nature could crave. And there was another interest very strong in his heart which he might before long now hope to venture relating to—someone else.

Of late Frank had come to realize that he was positively and

genuinely in love with Elva Coping—unquestionably the sweetest girl, the most desirable woman in all the world, so far as he was concerned. She had been a resident of Summerville with her parents but a short time. But from the hour of their first meeting Frank had felt himself irresistibly drawn toward Miss Coping and she had undeniably evinced a something more than ordinary pleasure—he believed—in readily accepting the few small attentions he had found opportunities of offering her. So his case was by no means hopeless, yet he had felt insecure over it, for he had learned the girl had passed her twentieth birthday, and she was too attractive, too spontaneous, and vigorous to remain much longer unmarried in a community like their home town, where young men of good repute were plentiful. And furthermore his most formidable rival was a wealthy young debonair who came frequently from a great city with unmistakable designs of carrying off the charming Elva, as soon as her consent should be won.

With his new prospects—Frank thought swiftly—he might dare to pit himself even against the young man of wealth, and he would be alert about it, nothing should hinder. But there was no time just then to spend on self-congratulation, or mental exercise of any sort, except that which would tend to take him quickly to his mother, and then the taking up of the new responsibility before him.

As soon as it was definitely settled that he should go at once and assume the superintendency of the Summerville store Frank started up with his usual promptitude, inquiring, "Does anything need my attention here? Can I do anything for either of you? Is there anything to be taken?"

"Oh, yes!" replied one of the men, "See Roger——, he and the boy are going to Summerville today—doubtless you can help them in getting off—everyone else is extra busy and old Roger, you know, is slow and the boy is not quick to catch onto things."

For the next few minutes Frank gave his attention to the arrangement of a truck-load of goods which had been ordered too late for shipment on the morning train from the main store in Hazelburg to the smaller one at Summerville. There was nothing to be left at the Gleanington store—but a man who had recently located in that place—Roger said, had ordered door fastenings, hinges, screws, etc., which he could not get to his liking in the store there—and a bucket of paint—all to be used for the new garage he was building and he wanted them left at his place.

"I don't find any safe place to put your box of hinges, screws, etc., Roger," said Frank, when everything else was loaded in. "Here, I'll take it for you in my auto. Where does the man live and what is his name?"

"He's bought that little new home on the side hill just east of



the church," said Roger, "and his name is Hyrum Hesper. Now where'll we put the bucket of paint?"

"Oh, ugh!" Frank sort of gurgled. "I don't think I want to risk daubing my auto up with that odoriferous stuff! Look here, you can hang it at the back of your auto on this hook."

"That I can—that's dandy! Oh, you're the fellow who knows what's what," chuckled Roger. Poor Roger, who had been shell-shocked in the war and in consequence had been left a little defective in both sight and hearing. He could run the auto truck all right though—a boy being generally sent with him for safety.

"I'll see you at the store in Summerville," Frank called back cheerily as his auto rolled away.

The day was warm and sunny, notwithstanding the time of year, but so short, and the moments sped so rapidly it seemed to Frank he had scarcely time to begin studying out the new plans to be made in the changed condition of his life when the sixty miles between Hazelburg and Gleanington had been run and he found himself slowing up in front of the new home on the side hill which Roger had mentioned.

"Mr. Hesper?" Frank asked, bowing to a man who was helping a lady with numerous bundles in her arms to alight from an auto which had just stopped. "Yes, sir," the gentleman answered, and waited for further remarks. But there were others present who did not wait for conversation between the two men, being too eager to learn of things which more directly concerned their own affairs.

"Ve don't vant to ride more now, faver. Ve vant to go in ee house viv movie!" called out two children in a breath from the auto, as the father closed the door leaving them inside.

"Mother does not want you now, she wants you to go with father," Mr. Hesper explained to his babies, feeling he would better silence them before trying to speak with the visitor. But the children still clamored until the father told them emphatically, "Be still!" Then they listened. Noticing that their caller looked upon the children with interest and an admiring smile, the father explained to him, aside, that their mother had Christmas surprises to arrange for them and had asked him to take them with him as he had other errands to see to.

"Faver, hitch our sled to the auto and let us sleigh ride like we did yesterday," said the older child, a four and a half year old boy. And the two-year old baby girl chimed in "es do—es do!"

But the father said he had not time to let them sleigh-ride that way now—they could go in the garage and play there with their sled if they wanted to. They said they did want to and were lifted out of the auto.

Frank then told Mr. Hesper of the box of fixtures he had brought for the garage. And Mr. Hesper took the box with thanks and carried it to the garage, followed by his babies, Durney looked after them

as he rolled away in his car, with still newer thoughts and possibly higher hopes and aspirations than he had been indulging in before.

What treasures Hyrum Hesper possessed in that wife and those babies—his teeming thoughts suggested. How beautiful the woman was, and her style of beauty was much the same as Elva's—his Elva, that was soon to be! He would ask her that very night, during their pleasantries at the grand ball of which his mother had written him. He would tell her of his great love—ask her to be his wife—and oh, what happiness would be theirs!

Thus reveling in young manhood's purest and most sacred dreams, Frank speeded over another forty miles, and surprised his mother by rushing into their home and clasping her suddenly in his arms.

It did not take him long to unfold to her—his always "best friend"—the delightful story of that day's wonderful good fortune and happiness for him. And what mother's Christmas could ever be more glorified by other means than those which bring joy and blessedness to her child, be the child small or large of stature?

After an hour or a little more in which the happy mother and son partook together of refreshments both for body and spirit, Frank said he would go to the store as he wanted to be there when Roger came in. Roger had not arrived when Frank reached the store. He looked about for some one who could tell him the exact situation of things and was fortunate in finding the former superintendent into whose place he had been so suddenly thrown. That gentleman was "in a hurry" but took time to admit that his reason for stepping out so hastily was that the opportunity was offered him of taking possession of a new store where he could better himself immensely, if he could take it on the dot, which he had done without question or waiting for anything. But where was Roger?

After Frank left Roger, at Hazelburg, the latter waited a while for "the boy," and so was farther behind than he otherwise would have been. At Gleanington the boy again shirked his duty by running off to see some relatives while Roger drove up to the Hesper home to leave the bucket of paint. There did not appear to be any one at home to tell him what to do, so Roger turned his auto and ran the back of it into the doorway of the garage, and, slipping the bucket of paint from the hook, placed it at one side of the doorway. Then he proceeded to fill the water boiler of the auto from a nearby hydrant.

"That boy isn't worth his salt!" Roger growled as he watered the car. "He should have done all this while I took care of the bucket of paint. He's a sluggard, that's what he is!" So Roger grumbled to himself, and did not notice that anything was going on at the back of his car. Something was going on there, however—something very important.

Two little children playing with their sled in the garage saw

the man remove the bucket of paint from the hook and set it away. "See, Eva, see!" called the boy to the baby sister. "See the hook on the back of the car—we can hitch our sled to it and have a ride. Come on, Eva, let's do it!" "Vell, I vill, Hummie," answered the baby fearlessly. Hummie was her baby way for saying Hyrum.

As sure as the thing was thought of, it was done. The innocent babies slipped the loop in the end of their sled rope over the hook. The boy helped the baby into the box on the sled and, getting in himself, arranged the cushion seats so they could be comfortable for their ride—how long a ride they did not think. As the truck started off the sled ran along evenly after it, and the babies laughed merrily. Interested in what they saw on the way they rode contentedly along, chattering and laughing at little bumps which came as they glided over rough places, or little splashes of melted snow through which they were whisked.

And Roger, who went off without waiting for the boy at Gleanington, because he was not at hand as he should have been, drove peacefully along humming or whistling softly, totally unconscious of the precious freight hauled at the back of his car. A short distance from the Hesper farm Roger turned off the new road, taking an older and longer one, because he was not liable to meet so many autos and would be safer, he thought. And likely his thought was right, for no one traveled the old road since the new one was completed. Not an auto passed him all the way from Gleanington to Summerville.

Frank Durney, waiting outside the store for Roger's arrival, noticed the sled at the back of the car the first thing. Finding in it two babies fast asleep, he asked anxiously, "What does this mean, Roger—whose children are these?"

"Children!" gasped Roger, "I didn't bring any children—I don't know a thing about it—no, sir—I never saw them before!"

"Some one has played a trick on you, Roger," said Frank, "and you have thrust upon you two babies to raise!"

It seemed so ludicrous a joke at first that Roger had to laugh a little, but the serious side of the affair soon took such prominence that the laughing was checked.

"Where have you stopped as you were coming?" Frank asked.

"Haven't stopped anywhere since I called at Hesper's to leave the bucket of paint," Roger answered.

It was growing dusk. Frank looked at the babies more closely. "Good gracious, Roger!" he exclaimed, "these are Hyrum Hesper's children—I saw them with him today when I went there with the hinges and things."

Then the whole truth of the matter flashed upon Durney's mind. He recalled the request of the little boy to have his sled hitched to his father's car, the father's answer—the children were to

play in the garage with their sled. Frank saw it all—knew exactly what had happened.

"Roger," he said, "these children must be taken home at once—those Hespers will be wild over their disappearance."

"I can't take them back now. I'm clear done up. I wouldn't drive back that forty miles tonight for a million dollars."

"I wouldn't ask you to take them, Roger," said Frank. "I shall take them myself if necessary—they must be taken to their mother! First of all though, I'll phone and let them know their babies are safe. Stay by them Roger until I am ready to take care of them."

Frank rushed to the 'phone only to hear the startling news that the train had been held up and robbed by bandits between Gleanington and Summerville—that telephone and telegraph wires were cut in several places between the two towns and poles thrown down, so there was positively no chance for communication with more rapidity than by auto.

Five minutes later Frank stood in his mother's room with the two babies scarcely yet awake. He was telling her the strange things which had happened, and asked her to feed and care for the little run-a-ways while he attended to a few matters before taking them to their distracted parents.

The exciting message brought by her son now, so soon after the welcome intelligence he had so recently delighted her with, nearly overcame Mrs. Durney. Of course, she must look to the comfort of the dear babies and do whatever she could to help in such a time of calamity and general confusion.

"But what about the ball this evening—what about Elva?" the mother asked, feeling sorrowfully that, after all, her son might lose the principal part of the great good which had seemed almost certainly secured to him but an hour or two ago.

"We must trust and pass those things over, dear mother, at such a time!" Frank answered. "We must not let self-interest stand in the way of our doing our best in the common cause of humanity, to alleviate hard luck and suffering for others."

Mrs. Durney felt justly proud of her son at that critical moment. He had spoken nobly. She saw that his face was very white. She knew that the finest, tenderest cords of his sensitive heart were being drawn to their utmost intensity. But she also knew that he could not fail in the dutiful purpose he had determined to carry through. A millionaire that evening might succeed in winning away from her boy the woman whose love would mean more to him at that time of his life than the whole world without it. What of it, so long as it could not touch nor tarnish the native trueness of her son's character?

She said nothing more, but taking in hand the two babies who stood looking and wondering—strangely enough, without the



sign of whine or whimper—the mother put her arms around her big, strong boy and then made preparations for the safe and speedy return to home and parents of those wonderful and delightfully heroic run-a-way babies.

As Frank started off with them snugly tucked away in his car he thought of the graceful and singularly attractive mother, with her load of Christmas surprises for them entering the home as he had seen her. What had been her anguish a short time later at the discovery that her babies were not to be found anywhere about the place? He quickened the speed of his car as much as he could with safety.

\* \* \*

The Christmas tree in the Hesper home was being decorated exquisitely by one of the happiest mothers to be found, when her husband came to her, having completed his business around town.

"Don't let the babies come in here now, Hyrum!" was the mother's greeting.

"I supposed they would have come in to you before now," Hyrum answered, "they objected to riding with me any longer and I left them to play in the garage."

"I have not seen nor heard anything of them—are they still in the garage?" the mother questioned somewhat anxiously.

"No, they are not there now, and I did not notice their sled as I ran the car in," answered the father with a voice of concern.

The Christmas tree received no further attention at that time. Everything was put aside but a diligent search through and around the house and then the whole premises, by two distressed parents for two missing babies. The little sled being gone, tracks of it were looked for, but as the snow was entirely melted and the ground hard about the garage, no traces of it were discovered.

The whole neighborhood was soon aware of the terrible fact that the Hesper babies were lost, and many volunteer searchers laid aside their festive preparations to engage in the general hunt.

Then came the alarming news of the train robbery, and it was discovered that communication between Gleanington and Summer-ville was cut off.

With the terrifying thought that the heartless bandits must have stolen her babies, the over-wrought mother almost collapsed. She was persuaded to remain with kindly women who did their best to console and strengthen her. And that is where she was when Frank Durney drove up to her house with her babies which had been lost but were found.

The light of the winter moon and the light from his auto made a picturesque scene of the young man with the run-a-way babies in his arms, as he stood on the Hesper doorstep. In answer to his ring the door was opened by a weeping woman. With a cry of astonished gladness the woman caught the children out of Frank's arms and

rushed with them like a will-o'-the-wisp into the room where their mother was mourning for them with inexpressible grief. Frank thought at first it was the mother herself who had taken the babies from him; but the talk in the other room soon convinced him that it was not. The door between the two rooms was left open and he heard distinctly what was said as he stepped inside the front door. The one woman only had been left to watch with Mrs. Hesper and the conversation the young man heard after the mother's wild exclamations of delight upon receiving her lost darlings was this: The mother asked, "Who brought them, sister—has their father returned?"

"No, Hyrum has not come, but someone else has—someone I have been longing to see—someone I know now that I love with all my heart. Oh, sister, to think *he* should have been permitted to find and bring back to us our dear, lost lambs, our babies!"

"Well, where is he—and who is he—sister? Why not bring him in and let him tell us all about it?"

"Oh, of course, I *must*! I should have done it at once, but it was so wonderful to see *him*, and I was so excited—what a sight I am anyhow—look at my hair!"

"Never mind, sister, he will excuse your looks at such a time—do bring him in and let us thank him!"

The woman who had snatched the babies from Frank came back to him now. Her face, though tear-stained, was radiant with sudden happiness and glorified with the spontaneous revelation of fresh young love. He knew now it was his own Elva and that she was sister to the mother of his newest little friends—the run-a-way babies.

Neither of those young people could speak as they stood looking into each other's faces, but Elva broke the spell by doing what Frank's mother had recently done. She put her arms around him and was tenderly clasped in his. They understood each other.

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## A Few Thought Gems

Make a lie as rare a thing as perpetual motion.

Prefer bare feet and empty pockets to an empty brain.

What rights have you that others should be deprived of?

If you cannot see it: Ladies first, in company, stay at home.

A bare head is no disgrace if the brain is covered with knowledge.

Powder adds to the complexion what smoke adds to daylight, an imperfect vision.

An evil eye and a lying tongue may canker the heart, fellow the brain and bring the soul to decay.

If beauty were to be judged by the powder on the face, it would be too common to be appreciated.

*Fairview, Utah.*

E. S. HOWELL



*Photo by C. W. Carter.*

A train of immigrants, on the way to Salt Lake City, camped on the Weber, near Coalville, Utah, 1865, some sixty years ago.

## BUILDING OF THE UTAH CENTRAL

### A Unique Cooperative Enterprise

BY GUSTIVE O. LARSON, PRINCIPAL OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS SEMINARY, RICHFIELD, UTAH

In the spring of 1868 it was evident that the Union Pacific Railroad would not pass through Salt Lake City. The Union Pacific, building from the east, and the Central Pacific, building from the west, had virtually entered into a race, as they neared each other, each attempting to lay as many miles of track as possible. The memorable driving of the Golden Spike occurred at Promontory on the 10th of March, 1869. But Salt Lake City, the most important community center in the intermountain country, lay nearly forty miles from the nearest railroad center. To bridge this gap, and bring to Salt Lake City the immediate benefits of the railroad, was the aim in building the Utah Central.

To view the launching and the completion of this enterprise in true light it will be helpful to locate a setting, in the attitude of the "Mormon" people towards the coming of the railroad into the west. This attitude can be clearly read in the official expressions from the people and in their active support. On March 3, 1852, the first Utah Territorial legislature memorialized Congress to aid in every way the construction of a railroad to the Pacific. On January 14, 1854, after active surveying of routes had commenced, another memorial strongly suggested that the route pass through Provo canyon instead of Weber, thus bringing the railroad around the south end of the lake. Early in 1868, when bids were received for the construction of the western end of the Union Pacific, Brigham Young personally took the contract

for the construction of fifty-four miles of the most difficult portion of the road, that from Echo canyon to the Salt Lake valley. Mr. L. O. Leonard, historian of the Union Pacific system says:

"There was no other contractor of responsibility who wanted or who could take it. There was no other source from which men could be drawn in sufficient numbers to do the work. After an examination of the records, occupying the greater part of a year, it is evident that the Union Pacific railroad would not have been completed for several years without the active support which it received from the 'Mormon' church."

But it was a keen disappointment to the people of Utah that Salt Lake City was left "out in the cold," as Brigham Young said later in a railroad mass meeting. The "Mormon" contractors on the main line had contributed heavily toward its building only to find that both the Union and Central Pacific would pass them by.



*Photo by C. W. Carter*

The Utah Central Railroad Station, Ogden, Utah, looking east, as it appeared in 1870. Just to the right and south was the old Keeny house, and further south about one half block the old Union Pacific Railroad Station was located. The Oregon, Short Line, (formerly the Utah Central and Utah and Northern), the Union Pacific, and the Rio Grande Western are now under one roof, an elegant structure, replacing a former station which was destroyed by fire in February, 1923. (See frontispiece and page 226.)

Immediately upon this realization the legislature of the Territory of Utah passed "an act providing for the incorporation of railroad companies and the management of the affairs thereof" (Feb. 12, 1869). This act provided that the incorporating body, which must not be less than ten in number, must include two-thirds residents of the territory. One thousand dollars per mile must be subscribed by the stockholders and ten per cent paid in cash to the treasurer.



On March 2nd the initiatory meeting was held to organize in conformity with the law. This was called and attended by men of influence who were interested in a branch line from Ogden. At the meeting stock subscriptions exceeded the requirements of the territorial act. On March 8 the Utah Central Railroad Company was organized. *The Deseret News* announced, on the 10th:

"On Monday last a meeting in connection with the branch railroad between Ogden and this city was held in the office of President Brigham Young. Articles of association were read, adopted, and personally subscribed to by the stockholders present. The following gentlemen were elected a board of directors: Brigham Young, William Jennings, Feramorz Little, Christopher Layton, and Daniel H. Wells. At a subsequent meeting of the board, Brigham Young was elected president; William Jennings, vice-president; Jos. A. Young, general supt; John Sharp, asst. supt.; Jesse W. Fox, chief engineer; John W. Young, secretary; and D. H. Wells, treasurer.

"The treasurer was authorized and directed to open books and receive subscriptions to the capital stock. A committee of three was elected to draft by-laws. The general superintendent and chief engineer were directed to proceed at once to locate the road."

In the meantime the main transcontinental line began to operate between the East and the West. On April 1, *The News* announced that, "Wells Fargo and Co.'s coaches commenced to run north from this city, this morning, to connect with the Union Pacific railroad about three miles this side of Ogden City." Subsequently, on April 22, appeared the announcement that Congress had decided the contest between the Union and the Central Pacific companies ordering that Ogden be the terminal of the companies.

But railroad building involves more than incorporating of companies and the appointing of officers. Capital must be forthcoming to provide the means of construction. Experience in construction is necessary. Fortunately the "Mormons" had taken active part in the building of the Pacific railroad. Camps had been established at various points under the direction of some of the men whose experience now proved helpful in the building of the branch line. Contracts, amounting to very large sums, had been completed by these men. Lack of funds, however, prevented settlement on the part of the Union Pacific company. Much dissatisfaction was occasioned by this inability to secure payment, and led in some instances to suit against the company by non-"Mormon" creditors.

A committee was appointed by the Church, consisting of Bishop John Sharp, Elder John Taylor, and Hon. Jos. A. Young, to arrive at some agreement with the Union Pacific Company. These men went to Boston and pressed their claims on Dr. Durant, vice-president of the company, and some of his associates. An important feature of the settlement was the acceptance by the Utah men of \$600,000 in rail and rolling stock. These men, as well as Brigham Young, realized the importance of connecting Salt Lake City with the transcontinental



Photo by C. W. Carter

Showing part of the first train that arrived in Salt Lake City from Ogden, January 10, 1870. Note the man with the cape on, an article of clothing commonly used at that time.

line at Ogden. This material, to be supplied by the Union Pacific, would make possible the local line.

On May 17, the first ground was broken for the Utah Central Railroad. At the ceremonies all the officials of the company were present except Jos. A. Young who was in the East on business connected with the road. *The News* received, in part, the following message over the Deseret Telegraph line:

"Ogden, May 17. At 10 o'clock this morning President (Brigham) Young broke the first ground for the Utah Central Railroad near Weber River immediately below Ogden City. \* \* \* After a few remarks President Young cut the first sod, observing that it was customary to use a pick in breaking the first ground, but he believes in using a tool the best adapted to the soil. President (George A.) Smith then dedicated the ground for a railroad, praying that nothing might be wanting to complete it; asking blessings on the president and the officers \* \* \* that the work might be speedily accomplished. President Young then removed the first sod, followed by President Smith and (Daniel H.) Wells, W. Jennings, Esq., and others cutting sod."

Grading work commenced on the west bank of the Weber river just below the city of Ogden. Much enthusiasm was manifested by the builders, and it was expected that by the October conference visitors from the northern town would be able to ride to Salt Lake City on steam trains. No large contracts were let. It was determined that the road should be built by the people as far as possible. Small contracts for grading in local sections distributed the work quite uniformly along the line and added an element of friendly competition. This is

evident in news items that appeared from time to time under the caption, "Progress of the U. C. R. R." We read in *The News* of June 9:

"To meet the increased demand for work it has been determined to let out an additional five miles of grade on the Utah Central to citizens of Weber county, thus making a total of fifteen miles of road bed that will be graded by them.

"We learn that Captain Green Taylor of the fourth district, established his grading camp on the line of the Utah Central Railroad about noon yesterday. He claims that his was the first camp on the ground and confidently told our informant that he and his stalwart party would finish their contract this week."

In the fall when preparations were being made for track-laying another *News* item stated:

"P. Barton, Esq., just returned from Kaysville, informs us that the enterprising bishop and citizens of that settlement are pushing the work ahead with a vim on the three miles of grading they have contracted to do for the Utah Central Railroad, and are determined that no one shall have to say that they had to wait for Kaysville."

An interesting feature of this railroad construction was its contact with another singular provision of cooperation in the Church known as the Perpetual Immigration Fund. Converts from foreign lands who desired to come to Utah and had no means to cross the plains, were in many instances advanced transportation costs from a revolving fund. This was to be paid back as soon as opportunity afforded and was used in turn to aid others to make the journey. Often immigrants found it difficult to pay off their indebtedness for extended periods. Many found opportunity to discharge the obligation by working with the Utah Central construction forces. The enterprise proved a God-send to a considerable number of these. Brigham Young, as president of the company, needed additional labor and gladly made provisions for assuming their indebtedness to the "Fund." Father and sons of many families worked together to pay off their emigrating expenses and often when giving service beyond their indebtedness would receive in return for their labor, some of the tools with which they worked, such as wagons, wheelbarrows, shovels, etc. Thus in many cases transportation to Zion was paid for by aiding transportation developments within Zion.

President Young, accompanied by W. Jennings, vice-president of the U. C. R. R., Feremorz Little, director, and J. A. Young, superintendent, left Salt Lake on June 10 to determine the exact route to be taken by the road. *The News* of June 11. gives an interesting account of an equally interesting occurrence:

"At Hot Springs the party was met by representatives from Bountiful, Centerville, Farmington, and Kaysville. During the day the road was definitely located from Hot Springs to Kaysville. \* \* \* The track at Hot Springs will first run along the present lower wagon road cutting through the farm of Daniel Wood, Esq., a little to the west of his residence,



*Photo by C. W. Carter*

The Jennings emporium, southwest corner of First South and Main streets, Salt Lake City, in 1868, reconstructed and at present occupied by the Utah State National Bank. As you pass by there, in 1925, note the difference in the motor power and vehicles parked on Main street.

and then continues northward at a short distance west of Bountiful and Centerville. At Farmington, the inhabitants were at first anxious to have the track located at some considerable distance from the settlement, but at last preferred to have the railroad go to Farmington rather than have Farmington obliged to go to the railroad. The track will continue to run on the bottom roads between the Great Salt Lake and the settlements until it reaches Kaysville."

The remainder of the road to Ogden was located on the following day.

An editorial by President G. A. Smith comments at some length on the method followed by President Young in consulting the wishes of the people and the local bishops in locating the road. Referring to differences that appeared at Bountiful, he says:

"President Young before fully deciding upon this point for the depot called upon Bishop Stoker and the people of Bountiful to express their feelings. From Bountiful the party proceeded to Centerville where a point about a quarter of a mile from the town was chosen for the depot in the same manner as at Bountiful; the people's wishes, as well as those of the owners of the land, being consulted."

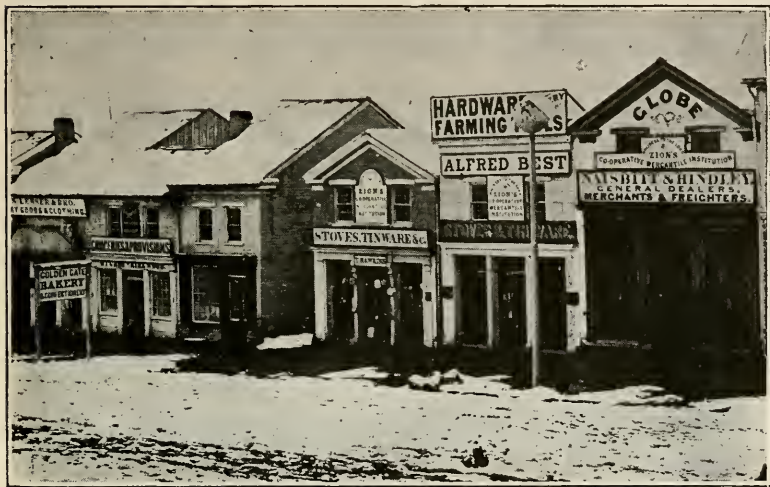
The concluding paragraph summarizes the spirit of the whole enterprise:

"President Young and other officers of the U. C. R. R. have taken the right method to secure good feelings. Probably their course is unexampled in the history of railroad building. But the U. C. R. R. is not being built



by a company solely to make money for its own benefit, but for the good of the people and country. And it is desirable that whatever is necessary to make that scheme a success shall be done by the common consent of all concerned."

The work was pushed forward as rapidly as possible. A large number of men and teams were constantly at work. Under the direction of General Fox and F. Little piles were driven and a bridge thrown across the Weber river. This was ready for the rails by Sept. 16, when nine carloads of iron and one carload of spikes were expected



*Photo by C. W. Carter*

A winter view of the west side of Main street, Salt Lake City, south of the *Deseret News* building, just before the arrival of the Utah Central, December, 1869.

at Ogden. The switch at that city was finished and grading rapidly being completed.

Then followed track laying. On Sept. 14 John W. Young, assisted by Bishop E. F. Sheets, was organizing a party of track layers with which to begin laying the rails. It was to commence operations at Ogden immediately on organization. It was arranged that the Union Pacific cars should run on the new tracks distributing the rails as needed. On Sept. 22, track-laying commenced in charge of Mr. Young assisted by seventy men. The rate of a half mile per day in track-laying was increased by the end of the year to two miles per day. President Brigham Young and the other Utah Central officials, witnessed the first locomotive run along the track of the branch railroad on Oct. 14. It crossed over the Weber bridge dragging in its wake, fifteen cars loaded with iron and ties. The delight of these officials received comment in the local newspaper.

"President Young, and the other gentlemen who returned with him, speak with much pleasure of the gratification the sight of the first locomotive on the first road, built and owned by the people of this territory, gave them, which argued so much for the future well-being of Israel."

President Young and Hons. John Taylor and Jos. A. Young rode from Kaysville to Ogden and return by rail on Nov. 16; and early in December, the company advertised in *The News* that the road would be open for freight and passenger service from Ogden to Farmington after Dec. 6, 1869. The interest of the Salt Lake residents became more intense as the end of the line crept nearer and nearer upon them. When it reached Hot Springs an interesting crowd began to gather, arriving in every conceivable vehicle, to witness the art of



Photo by C. W. Carter

Southwest corner Main and Twenty-fourth streets, Ogden, Utah. To the right the Z. C. M. I. building site, now occupied by the Eccles building. Immediately south was Child & Son, merchants, and next to that, W. H. Wright & Sons, now the occupants of the modern department store across the street north. The tall building down the street was Driver & Sons Drug Store, all as they appeared in 1875, fifty years ago.

track-laying. This shifting crowd escorted the enterprise to its terminal.

On Monday, Jan. 10, 1870, just ten months after the completion of the transcontinental line, the completion of the Utah Central was celebrated. The city council appointed a committee on Jan. 4, to make preparations for the event. It was regarded as a landmark in the development of Utah. The eventful day was cold and cloudy. But this seemed to have little effect on the thousands who gathered to witness the driving of the last spike. Besides the local church, territorial, and railroad officials, representatives from the Union and

the Central Pacific companies were present. Governor Stanford of California telegraphed regrets at not being able to be present.

At 2 o'clock p. m., the last spike was driven by President Brigham Young. Both the mallet and the spike was made by James Lawson in the Church blacksmith shop and were inscribed with the sentiment, "Holiness to the Lord," and U. C. R. R. In his remarks President Young, as well as the following speakers, called attention to the unique features of the enterprise. "We are in debt to none but our own people," he said, and then after expressing appreciation to the Union and Central Pacific companies, he said, "If they had paid us according to agreement, this road would not have been graded and this track not laid today." His view of the enterprise was expressed in the words, "Not for individual benefit, but it is an aid to the development of the whole country." His remarks were followed by a salute of cannon for each of the 37 miles of track.

Hon. Jos. A. Young referred to the accusation that the "Mormons" wished to be exclusive. The Utah Central, he observed, was an invitation to the North, the South, the East and the West. He hoped that the last spike of this road now completed would be the first of the next road. Colonel Carr, representing the Union Pacific, congratulated the people of Utah Territory on the accomplishment of so much with so little means and so few advantages. He said:

*"The U. C. R. R., although only thirty-seven miles in length, is, perhaps the only railroad west of the Mississippi that has been built entirely without government subsidies; built solely by money wrung from the soil which we used to consider a desert."*

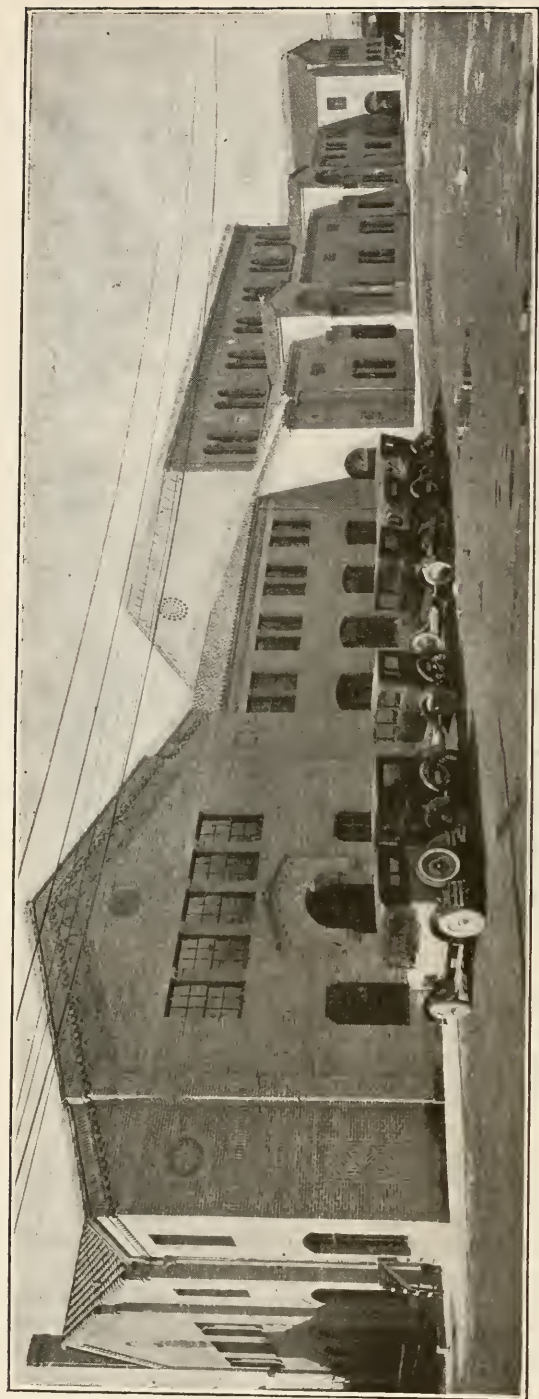
Chief Engineer Morris, of the Central Pacific, said that in his fifteen years of railroad experience he had never before known of a road but that capital had contributed the money and the responsibility had fallen on the nation or state.

President Young, on the evening of Jan. 10, sent the following telegram:

"To all Saints throughout the territory—We congratulate you on the completion of the U. C. R. R. The last rail laid and the last spike driven at 2 p. m. today. Many thousands were present to witness the ceremonies. Two engines and a number of cars, including two palace cars from the Union and Central Pacific railroads, were in attendance. Fine celebration. No accident. Grand ball will be given at the theatre tonight. Love and peace abide with you."

(Signed) "Brigham Young."

It is not within the scope of this article to consider the effect of this enterprise. Such, however, is emphatically suggested in the concluding words of *The News'* editorial commenting on the achievement: It would bring more people, good and bad, "but the results we fear not, believing that the advantages that will accrue therefrom will far outweigh any disadvantages that can possibly arise. The days of isolation are now forever past.—We thank God for it."



THE NEW PASSENGER STATION. OGDEN, UTAH

Officially opened with a program and ceremonies, conducted under the auspices of the Ogden Chamber of Commerce, at 11 o'clock a. m., November 22, 1924. The old station was destroyed by fire in February, 1923, and the ground broken for the construction of the new station in April, 1924, practically in the same location as the old station. The corner-stone was laid by the Masonic lodge in June. The building is Italian renaissance architecture with Spanish tile roof. It is 374 feet long, with an average width of 88 feet, and with furnishings costs \$400,000. It is built of Ogden pink buff brick, faced with white Boise sandstone. The stone carving around the doors was done by a skilled German artist, experienced in this work on large cathedrals in Europe. The carvings are of fruit clusters, including a reproduction of buffalo over each. The waiting room is 60 by 112 feet in area, the distance from the floor to the ridge pole being 56 feet. The ceiling and roof is 64 feet long of Oregon or Douglas fir. The floor is laid in red and gray tile made up of alternating squares. The picture shows the east side of the building, fronting the city. All the rooms and offices are provided with the very latest in equipment, conveniences and service. Including mail handled in the main depot building and in the special mail room to the north, Ogden is the largest mail transfer point west of the Missouri River.



All the south wing upstairs is occupied by railroad operating forces; the north wing by the superintendent, telephone exchange, claim agent, telegraph office and telegraph printer room. The steam heating plant is located 600 feet from the station across the tracks to the west, the heat being conveyed through underground tunnel. The latest modern systems of heating and ventilating have been adopted in the building. All the wiring is conveyed in about six miles of conduits. The building will consume approximately 64,000 watts electric current. The waiting room is lighted by three large chandeliers, containing 130 round, frosted bulbs each, and they are suspended from the ceiling by oxidized wire ropes and cost \$1200 each. Outside of the two main entrance from the city side are two lantern chandeliers of similar style. At the celebration, the speakers expressed confidence in the future growth of Ogden, and referred to the prophetic vision of Brigham Young as proved when he donated five acres of ground to the railroad.

*Note:* A free right-of-way for the Utah Central Railroad was obtained by A. M. Musser, acting as its agent for that purpose. This right was paid for later when the railroad became firmly established. On Jan. 19, 1870, Mr. Wheeler, from the committee on the Pacific railroad, reported in the House of Representatives a bill referring to this matter. It granted the Utah Central Railroad Company a right-of-way through public lands for the construction of a railroad and a telegraph. The bill was read twice and ordered to be printed.

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### Encouragement

Why should I worry, why should I care,  
 When joy and happiness are everywhere?  
 Why should I sorrow, why should I fear;  
 When the treasure of happiness is always so near?  
 Why should I fret, why should I sin,  
 When the power of virtue is hidden within?  
 There is never a loss without a gain,  
 Never a drouth without a rain!  
 Whether you're happy or whether you're blue  
 Rests entirely and only with you.  
 So, cheer up, friends, cast your troubles away,  
 And let's be happy at least for today.

*Sandy, Utah*

JACK EGBERT.

# THE INDIANS OF THE ANTILLES

BY ANNA MUSSER

Before the great ships of Hagoth were launched in the western sea, Lamanites as well as Nephites had undoubtedly been experimenting with sea-craft. The less civilized people at length began migrating to the islands of the Gulf of Mexico. They kept up practically no communication with the continent.

Gold plates give us no account of this journey. Tradition concerning it has disappeared as have the log canoes. But there is a stone record of the lives of the migrants, a series of still undeciphered plates.

In the burial caves, shell heaps, and kitchen middens of the West Indies have been found numerous stone mortars and pestels, amulets and idols, dishes, pottery stamps, axes, celts, and chisels, as well as a great variety of problematical objects. Pottery and wood, bone, and shell manufactures are scant and fragmentary. Dr. Walter J. Fewkes began an investigation of these antiquities about ten years ago and his report has since been published as a volume of the thirty-fourth annual report of the American Bureau of Ethnology. I have drawn most of my material from this work and from T. A. Joyce's *Central American and West Indian Archaeology*.

There are no great buildings in the Indies and no metal work has been discovered, but the stone manufactures are skilfully wrought and some finely polished.

Whether the migration occurred before or after the advent of Christ, the island-dwellers had forgotten the continent and developed a very distinct culture by the time of their discovery.

Apparently before the time of Columbus there had been three nations in the West Indies. The oldest was a primitive cave-dweller type which had not wholly disappeared when the Spanish began exploring the islands. Then there was an agricultural people, the Tainans. These were peaceful and generous and "too timid to fight," according to Columbus. There was also a warrior people, the Caribs, who came from northern South America and moved steadily northward, invading island after island, reaching Porto Rico by the time the Spanish came. They killed the Tainan men and kept the women as slave-wives. Then these women of the vanquished race conquered their captors in a measure by teaching their children much of the Tainan culture. This is the testimony of the stone record.

The cave-dwellers left very few clues to their civilization. Their stone manufactures and pottery are too scant to show any general type. Living on a meagre fortuitous food supply and unavailingly fortifying themselves against invading civilizations, these people re-

treated finally to the island caves of Cuba and other northerly islands. They buried their dead in these caves. After the coming of the Spanish they disappeared entirely.

The Greater Antilles—Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti, and Porto Rico—are the typically Tainan islands. The Tainan stock may have come originally from South America as it seems to have been fundamentally like the Carib which was certainly from the Orinoco valley. Still Dr. Fewkes says that the antiquities of the Greater Antilles show a marked relationship to the civilization of Central America and none or very little to that of North or South America.

The most important thing to the Tainan's life was the yucca plant from whose roots cassava bread was made. So Tainan philosophy was centered in the cultivation of this plant. The powerful gods were Mamona or Mother Earth, Yucayu, lord of winds and rain, Ma Boya, the great sun god, and Guabansex, a goddess to whom they prayed for rain. The welfare of the yucca crop must have been the fundamental motive in most of the religious ceremonies, and must have prompted the manufacture of many of the enigmatical stone objects.

The yucca was a special gift from heaven, says a tradition found in the Dominican island and possibly once current in all the islands. According to this legend the people were once poor savages and lived as beasts.

"Whilst they were in this miserable condition an old man among them, extremely weary of that brutish kind of life, wept most bitterly, and, overwhelmed with despair, deplored his wretched condition, whereupon a man all in white appeared to him descending from heaven, and coming near, he comforted the disconsolate old man, telling him that he was come to assist him and his countrymen, and to shew them the way to lead a more pleasant life for the future; that if any of them had sooner made his complaint to heaven they had been the sooner relieved."

The glorious personage then proceeded to teach the old man how to use the things heaven had provided for the people's welfare. He said:

"That on the seashore there was an abundance of sharp stones, wherewith they might fell down trees to make houses for themselves; and that the palm and plantain trees bore leaves fit to cover the roofs of them, and to secure them against the injuries of the weather; that to assure them of the particular care he had of them and the great affection he bore their species, beyond those of other creatures, he had brought them an excellent root wherewith they might make bread, and that no beast should dare to touch it when it was once planted, and that he would have them thenceforth make that their ordinary sustenance."

The resplendent visitor suggests Quetzalcoatl, the "Fair God" of Central America, Quetzalcoatl who brought the Aztecs to a knowl-

edge of peace and civilized art, which has been supposed to be tradition's counterpart of Christ.

Further relationship to Central America is shown in the veneration of the serpent. Representations of serpents are very markedly frequent in Central American art and Quetzalcoatl means literally Feathered Serpent. Ma Boya, the great sky god of the West Indies, means Great Serpent. Bonael, Son of the Serpent, was an important god in the Indies.

But the Tainan's gods were not merely these of tradition common among the Lamanites. Failing, as his fathers had failed to know the Christ of Nephi's preaching, he studied out his own version of God as he tended the yucca fields and patiently ground stones into tools.

In addition to the mortars and pestles, the celts for digging and scraping and other household necessities, the people made stone amulets which warriors bound to their foreheads, "zemis," "collars," "elbow stones," and "three-pointed idols."

Stone zemis were queer little figures representing natural forces, guardian deities of clans, families, or individuals, deified ancestors, or other influential entities. Zemis were also made of wood, cotton, and bones. Joyce gives this account from an early writer:

"Sometimes when an Indian is traveling at night he sees a tree which appears to move in an uncanny manner. In fear he will stop and ask it who it is. The tree tells him to call a priest to whom to give directions. The priest comes and makes offerings, and then formally asks its name and whether it desired to be cut and trimmed to form a zemi. It is then carved in accordance with its instructions, and installed in a special hut where ceremonies are performed in its honor several times in the year."

Stone collars are rings, massive or slender, apparently patterned after a hoop made of a forked branch. They may have been used for some kind of tree worship or for inclosing and holding captive a spirit. The elbow stones look something like fragments of collars, but they show distinctive type features in their design. According to early historians, the three-pointed stone idols represent agricultural deities, little rain gods, spirits of various kinds who were interested in corn and cassava. These types of stones seem to have been purely for decoration or ceremony, and their abundance, together with their symbolic carvings, attest the prominence of religious life among the Tainans.

At length, in a land far to the sunrise, a land of sword-makers and city-dwellers, "the Spirit of God," according to Nephi's vision, "came down and wrought upon" a certain man that he crossed the sea and found the new Old World. Then the Tainan villages were opened up to a gold-hungry race of godlike fairness, and that was the end of Tainan civilization.



But the peace of the Indies had been broken into some time before the Spanish came.

"And it came to pass that they came down upon the north of the land of Shilom, with their numerous host, men armed with bows and with arrows, and with swords, and with cimeters, and with stones and with slings; and they had their heads shaved that they were naked; and they were girded with a leathern girdle about their loins."

Descendants of such as these warriors bore down upon the Tainans. They were the Caribs, a nomad nation from whose name cannibal is said to have been derived. They had much better weapons than did their victims, but fewer mortars are found in Carib islands. Also, the Tainan types of ceremonial stones are lacking. However, there is a great variety of problematical stone objects—a strange little owl with bulging frog's eyes and stubby wings; a ray-fish, very much like the owl, with the mouth of an octopus or a thick-lipped wine jar wreathed in yarn roses; an impressionistic rabbit, legless and tailless, bounding over a cubified hay-wagon; and besides these, countless knobbed, grooved, spiraled bits of stone. What symbolism these fantasies hold is of immense importance in revealing the mind and hand that fashioned them.

Although they fought fiercely against the Spanish, Caribs as well as Tainans were finally all but exterminated. Today they are represented by a few little colonies in the interior of Dominica Island. These have lost the ferocity of their fathers in acquiring peaceful arts, but their language is thought to approximate closely the ancient Carib tongue.

Nine-tenths of the population of the Indies is now negro, but many Carib folk-tales, and place names, survive in some form, while Voodoo priests and Obia men use in their ceremonies the old stone celts of the vanished race.

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## Inspiration of Zion National Park

Oh, Zion, sublime, immortal;  
We have entered thy portals,  
Thy portals made sacred  
By thy godliness;  
For thy soul speaks  
Of Him who made thee,  
And fashioned thee  
In infinite grandeur;  
So—with heads bared in reverence,  
And eyes wet with tears of penitence,  
We gaze upon thy face  
In sweet humility;  
And the still small Voice  
Within us speaks, saying,  
"God help us to live a better life."

*La Verkin, Utah.*

CAMILLA W. JUDD.

# HEROES OF SCIENCE

BY F. S. HARRIS AND N. I. BUTT, OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG  
UNIVERSITY

## 7. Mendel

Farmers, gardeners and stock men are constantly striving to improve the types of plants and animals they produce. Formerly improvement was very slow because the laws on which it was based were not known. Now that many of the fundamental principles of breeding are known it is becoming less difficult for farmers to make the much-desired progress in crop and stock improvement. New varieties of grains, fruits, and vegetables are being developed from less desirable types so that crop failures are less frequent, quality is improved, and yields are greater. In our gardens we now have beautiful flowers which were unknown a generation ago. When we wish to breed rabbits, or sheep, or chickens we can secure nearly the sort we wish if we apply the latest principles of breeding.

Gregor Mendel, who was born in 1822, was the man who first discovered one of the fundamental principles by which characters are transmitted from one generation to another. He began life with less opportunity than the average American boy has today; he belonged to the lower class or peasantry of Austria, but in Austria during his time, as in America today, those who work hard enough advance in spite of obstacles. Mendel was studious and decided to enter the ministry in an Austrian monastery.

Many of the monks in the monasteries did little outside of the daily routine, but Mendel was an exception. He loved nature and taught many of his students to appreciate the hand of God in the world about him as well as in the Holy Scriptures.

In the garden of the monastery Mendel had noticed a great difference in the growth of plants. Some of them were tall; seed from these produced nothing but tall plants, whereas seed from some of the small plants produced nothing but small ones. Being a deep student, Mendel knew that God created the world so that everything acts according to a definite law, even though man does not always understand the law. Seeing an opportunity to help man "gain dominion over the earth" Mendel planned an extensive series of experiments.

About a century and a half before Mendel's work began, nature students had discovered that plants have male and female organs the same as animals. It occurred to this investigator that if he removed the sex organs of plants which he did not wish to be reproduced he could discover the laws of breeding. This he did during a period of eight years, the plants being as carefully mated as animals might be in a

like experiment. The record of each plant was kept the same as we keep genealogical records.

When the results of the tests were brought together one of the great secrets of breeding was revealed to Mendel. Where unlike individuals were mated, there seemed to be great confusion in the characters of the product. His problem was to discover the laws underlying the results that might be expected from these crosses. When he considered only the inheritance of a single factor such as color in sweet pea blossoms, he found the problem very simple. Instead of the cross being a blend between the colors of two, it was the color of one or the other of the parents. But even though a red blossom apparently disappeared in the purple one with which it was bred, the red character was still present in hidden form, and would reappear in a future generation if properly bred. The mixing and separating out of the characters was found to follow definite mathematical laws so that if we know which characteristics, such as purple and red in sweet peas, are mated we can tell what to expect in the first, second and succeeding generations. Characters act as units instead of blending into each other.

After Mendel had proved that this is what happens he gave a lecture on it to a scientific society in a town near his monastery and this society published the results in 1865. He also tried to get some of the scientists of that day interested in his discovery, but they were so wrapped up in Darwin's new theory of evolution then being much talked of, that they did not see the great importance of the work of Mendel. It was not until 17 years after his death, which occurred in 1884, that the world saw how vital were the discoveries made by this almost unknown and forgotten experimenter.

In 1900 other investigators became interested in the same questions of breeding on which Mendel had worked and his results were re-discovered. Progress in farming and other fields of endeavor in which breeding is essential had been handicapped through lack of knowledge, so that when the facts were again brought to the attention of the world, they were eagerly accepted and the name of Mendel became world famous. The law of heredity which he discovered now bears his name.

Since 1900 hundreds of investigators have been searching for the unit characters or those which can be distinctly traced throughout the breeding processes. Mendel worked eight years on sweet peas, and pointed out only a relatively few such unit characters. He found that tallness of the plant, color of the blossom, wrinkling of the seed, shape of the pollen, fertility of the sex organs, and several others all acted according to his law. Workers since that time have traced the operation of the law through many characters of both the plant and animal kingdom.

Some of the best varieties of wheat grown in the great wheat

producing sections of the world have been created by scientifically combining, with a knowledge of Mendel's law, two or more desirable characters. Likewise new varieties of corn, cabbage, watermelons, asparagus, flax, alfalfa, cotton and many other crops have been built up for special qualities which make them better than ordinary varieties. Many boys are becoming familiar with the working of Mendel's law by breeding rabbits. They know that a pink-eye rabbit always breeds true if mated with another pink-eye, and when a colored rabbit is mated with a pink-eye the young separate out nearly as Mendel found for his sweet peas. We are also gradually learning many of the unit characters in man so that we can predict what sort of children to expect from a man and woman who marry.

*Provo, Utah.*

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## The Cripple

The school gong sounds; the air resounds  
With song and laughter gay;  
With yell and shout, the boys rush out,  
Out in the sun to play.  
But I must sit—just idly sit—  
Day, and day—and day.

Oh, that I might, for just one night,  
Have limbs made well and strong!  
That at the call, down through the hall,  
I might—just once—go 'long.  
But I must sit—ah, yes, just sit,  
So long, so long—so long.

I vainly cried, "Oh why, Oh why,  
Must I be punished so?"  
"Dear Lord," I cried, "why can't I die,  
And end this pain and woe?  
Must I still sit, and sit—and sit—  
And never, never know?"

For years I've borne the cross and thorn,  
As Christ our Lord on high:  
I've learned to sup the bitter cup,  
Without a tear or sigh.  
And I can sit—in patience sit—  
Week, and month and year.

Yes, while they've played, I've stayed and prayed;  
While my sad heart has learned;  
Till from our Lord this answer came,  
And on my soul is burned.  
That—"How to wait—in patience sit,  
The world from me has learned."

*Clifton, Idaho.*

ORVID E. HOWELL.



## A CHANCE AT LIFE

BY MARGUERITE CAMERON

I sat in our hotel room, drumming my fingers on the small table, which offered for perusal the New York telephone directory, and a copy of the Holy Bible. Ben Hawkins was due—watch in hand I counted the minutes. Possibly he had been held up in one of those street jams.

Ben and I had been out yesterday to witness the noonday crush—hurrying, scurrying mobs taking in the shops along Broadway, better dressed and better mannered throngs sweeping the wide paved walks which lined stately and beautiful Fifth Avenue. It had been thrilling!

I got up and pulled the curtain of our hotel window aside—nothing but a grey wall opposite, with windows like our hotel wall. That was like New York.

But what was keeping Ben?

He and I had come to New York straight from Harvard commencement. We were filled to the brim with dreams of the great service we were to render humanity—he in medicine, I in engineering. If Ben passed the medical examination, for which he had gone to Dr. Robinson's office this morning, he would be in line for a big job here in New York.

It was much later. I had taken up the telephone directory for entertainment. I heard a hand on the doorknob. The door opened.

I staggered to my feet at the sight of Ben's white face.

"What—what the deuce?" I gasped.

Ben sank down on the edge of a chair, staring.

"They've given me a year, Joe," he answered dully.

"What, what have you done?" I stammered.

"A year to live," and his head went down on his arms. Silence. We could say nothing.

Ben had no prospect for the hospital job now. He went back to Boston to wait. It was ghastly.

Weeks passed. One day, in my mail box, I found a letter with foreign stamps and unfamiliar postmark. I tore it open.

"We're in Mexico," Ben wrote. "Cousin Fred thinks the climate here may prove invigorating, and Genia and I have accepted his invitation to stay on for a trial."

Then Danny came, their firstborn and adored son. Ben seemed to abandon himself in his adoration, and knowing the brief measure of his days, I allowed him the limit.

Months passed—a year—two. Another letter dropped into

my mailbox. Ben spoke his decision to become physician for a mining camp high in the Sierra Madres.

"Genia and I will be the only whites in the district," he wrote, "a day's ride from the colonists, the nearest Americans. It will be pretty lonesome and not a little dangerous, but my time is shortening. I have been fortunate enough to stretch one year into two. Now, if the fates are good, I may be able to get together a little something for my family."

\* \* \* \* \*

Then, one morning the chief engineer of our office offered me my choice, "Mexico or Alaska?" Wholeheartedly I voted "Mexico."

Now here, I was on my way to Ben's mine.

I trotted Brownie along the edge of the arroyo. It was early spring and the mountain lilac seemed to be pushing the rest of the world away before its shimmering mist. Blinded though I was, I discerned something dodging up the zigzag, which I had just climbed. It was flaming scarlet in color. I watched it climb to higher and higher levels of the trail. I waited.

Imagine my delight when I beheld Ben Hoskins emerge around the last curve of the zigzag and come out on the rim of the arroyo. I shouted aloud and, as my eyes still held fast to the scarlet kiddie-kar which he carried in front of him across his saddle horn, I called out, "Taking it home to the kid, I warrant."

"Well, Joe!"

We grasped hands and tugged at each other's shoulders as our ponies rubbed alongside.

"Going up to the mine?" Ben asked.

"On my way," I rejoined happily.

"Don't say? Well, come on. My boy hasn't been so well."

"Sick?"

"Not exactly, but ailing. That's why I made the trip down to the store. It takes a day each way, but Genia and I thought a new toy might pep him up. They just had these kiddie-cars in new from the states. Isn't she a stunner? They strengthen a kid's legs, you know. My boy—"

"My boy. My boy—" Then he was always saying it, as he was always writing it. It colored everything he said on our ride to the mine, recurring again and again with the same certainty that a motif rises out of the crashing strains of a Wagnerian opera, and covers the whole harmony. Ben and I had not seen each other for three years. These were our first minutes together. And he was breaking his neck to tell me about, "My boy!"

"Genia says we can't raise him in the mountains," he informed me. "I'd hate to give up, but we may have to."

As we climbed on up more rugged arroyos, along mountain ledges, where dynamite had blasted a trail, we seemed to step out of the

lavender pettiskirts. which had fringed the down country. Here the scrub cedar curled in knobs and stray shootings over the baldness of the mountain tops. And, as it came evening, a sunset flush reddened the cliffs.

Ben did not look as strong as he had looked in college. But, in spite of the dread thought which overhung his life, he was happier. There was no doubt of it. He talked on: "I hope Danny will be well enough to try this kiddie-kar tonight," he said wistfully. "It's been a long trip. Seems as if I've been gone a week."

The picturesque mine holdings loomed up through the twilight:—a line of smoke straggling along the mountain tops; grey, weather-beaten buildings pitched slant against the hillside; lighted windows in the miners' huts; and flickering lanterns like fire-flies along the trails from the mine opening.

In a fringe of willows, we came to Ben's hut. We put our ponies up and presently stepped into the dimmed lamplight of the Hoskins' one room. Genia hurried toward us.

"Where's Danny?" asked Ben, as he hastily set the kiddie-kar down on the table.

From the shaded lamplight or Genia's presence—which, I could not say—Ben seemed to detect something amiss. He hurried to the crib side, fussed over the child lying there. Presently he turned toward us—a haggard man.

"Danny can't last the night," he said.

Genia, who had borne so much, alone in the camp with only foreigners, strangeness and suffering, stood by tearless.

"Oh, Dan," I protested, "sometimes—"

"I know," he said. "I can't be longer."

There was something stoical about our evening. We at our meagre supper. We talked. We were silent at the little bedside.

"Do you know," Ben confided, "I don't think anything in the world could make me happier than to be here tonight. Since Danny has to go, I want to stand by and help him. Genia," he said, as he lovingly circled his wife's shoulder, "you can do everything for him as well as I, yet I'd be jealous of you tonight, if I couldn't wait on the little fellow myself. It's a big comfort to me that I got here in time."

"Perhaps Genia was right," he continued aside to me. "She didn't want us to come up here. But, you see, it was the only way I could manage to get a stake ahead for them. Here I make ten times what I made with the colonists."

The evening was chill. We built a fire. Ben drew up the little crib. Danny was going fast.

"I am glad you are with us tonight," Ben assured me. "You are our best friend. God is good."

Time and again my eyes rested on the scarlet kiddie-kar, which

Genia had set in the corner. Under the lamplight it glowed soft and rosy—a great ruby framed in flitting shadows. Danny would never ride it now.

Toward midnight the silent chill of the canyon changed to a violent wind storm. Windows rattled. Our fire puffed and gasped. Still we sat—waiting. The loving concern of that group seemed to pour out through Ben's fingers, as he touched the feverish child.

He and Genia begged me to retire in the shakedown, which they had provided. But I could not desert the vigil.

It was after two when we heard voices. Presently there came a knock. When Ben opened the door, two men stood there dripping with rain. They were rough uplanders. Neither could speak English. They smiled and thrust a note into Ben's hand.

"What is it?" urged Genia, after he had finished reading. "Surely they won't be sending for you tonight!"

"There's a woman dying from blood poisoning at Terazes. They say I can save her."

"Terazes? It's ten miles."

"Genia, dear," Ben entreated, but unable to go on he came over and looked at the little sufferer. He bent down and smoothed the sheet. "I'll go," he nodded to the two rough men, who were again swallowed up in the black and howling night. "You see," he turned to me, "Genia can do everything for Danny that I could now. It's only a matter of waiting. His pulse is very faint." Tears filled his voice. "If I get there, the sick woman has a chance at life. There comes a time when we all need a lift. I seem to be the only doctor here about. You see, Joe, I should go. You stay with Genia."

I promised.

Ben scouted hurriedly for the things he would need. Then suddenly he blurted out. "My God, I can't get through. They've been blasting the Terazes road. I'll have to go around by Sonora—twenty miles."

"I was there this morning," I interrupted. "Take the old road as far as Tony's. Then—" I stopped. "It's dangerous—the rain will be pretty bad. You'd better go around, Ben."

"Could you show him?" Genia entreated me.

"Yes, but—"

"You mustn't leave Genia," protested Ben.

"It will be quite the best way," insisted Genia. "Joe can come back," she comforted her husband. "When you return, Ben, it will be light and you won't need a guide."

So Ben and I let our ponies out on the trail as far as Tony's. From there we nosed carefully along the broken ledge trying to keep out of the deep pools and off the slides where a false step would mean a plunge into darkness and oblivion. On the outskirts of



Terazes we tugged at each other's hands and parted almost without a word.

He was gone. Darkness blotted him out. And the rain slashed with such fury that I lost even the clatter of his pony stumbling along the rocky road.

\* \* \* \* \*

I rode back to the little cabin just before daybreak. The fine rain showed the whole camp in a greyish mist. Yet, from one window gleamed a light—a beacon to guide me back to the Hoskin's cabin. I knocked down some hay and made Brownie comfortable in the shelter in the willows, then hurried to the cabin.

But on the doorstep I hesitated. Even in my meagre way, what could I do to match the silent courage of this household?

I stepped inside. There sat Genia in a glow of candlelight beside the little crib. She hurried to meet me.

"Joe," she quavered, as she helped me remove my dripping coat. "I'm so glad you've come. Danny has just passed on!"

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## The Resigners

You'll find them by dozens in every town,  
I suppose we could call them the whiners.  
Those who, on the slightest excuse, will throw down  
Their callings; I mean the resigners.

They'll throw down their tools at the drop of the hat,  
And think they've good reasons behind them.  
They're watching for slights, like a cat for a rat;  
Of course, it's not long till they find them.

You're either in favor, or else you're against;  
You're helping, or in opposition.  
The devil is pleased when you sit on the fence,  
He's got you if that's your position.

He's trying to pull down the kingdom of God;  
For that he is always designing.  
Unless you are blind, then, you surely can see  
That you're helping his cause by resigning.

The hands of God's servants were placed on your head,  
And blessed you to fill that position;  
And angels above us wrote down what they said;  
How dare you resign such a mission?

Then stick to your callings until you're released;  
Just peg right along and keep climbing,  
You'll find it the way to salvation and peace,  
Just give up that thought of resigning.

*Shelley, Idaho.*

JOSEPH H. DEAN.

# BOBBY

BY FRED McLAUGHLIN

Bobby found a great silver mesh-bag. He looked around to see if anyone had noticed him. The act was unconscious, for Bobby was honest. He carried the bag to a nearby area-way and opened it.

It contained a roll of bills, a tiny powder-puff in a celluloid case, some change, a couple of keys, and a flat leather case which held a wonderful necklace of pearls.

"Oh, gee, I got to find out who this belongs to!"

He ran through one of his papers and found the item under "Lost and Found." It gave the address and offered a reward.

Skinny came along. Skinny used a crutch, but he sold a lot of papers, and he was a regular fellow. Bobby gave Skinny his papers.

"I found a bag full of money and things, Skinny, and the paper says a reward. I'm on my way."

Skinny counted the gift papers and figured up twenty-two cents velvet. "Oh boy!"

Bobby may have looked small, but he felt very important as he stood in the fine parlor and waited. The lady came in and took the bag from his outstretched hand. She got down on her knees and looked closely into the boy's face. Bobby was surprised to see tears in her eyes. He didn't know that the pearl necklace was a thing of great value. Bobby liked to look at her; she was almost as pretty as Mama. And Mama often had tears in her eyes too.

"What is your name?"

He liked her voice; it was soft and sweet— just like Mama's.

"Bobby Turner," he said.

She took out the necklace and held it lovingly against her cheek. She opened the roll of bills. She was going to count the money! Hot anger surged in Bobby's heart, for the blood of a long line of gentlemen flowed in his veins.

She took two tens from the roll and put them into the boy's hand. "This is yours, Bobby."

"Twenty dollars!" A lump rose in his throat. He tried to thank her, and couldn't. The electric train that he had watched, day after day, in the window of the big store down town, was his now. And Mama wouldn't have to cry because she couldn't get anything for Bobby's Christmas. There would be enough left to get a present for Mama, also. Just in time, too, for tomorrow was Christmas.

"Don't you want to—to count it?" he said slowly.

She laughed. It was a rich delicious lilt. She put an arm around his shoulders. "I don't have to count it, Bobby. I know a man when I see one. What are you going to buy?"

"Electric train. It's got a red engine, and people in the cars—and a station and a bridge and a tunnel. Some train!" He wondered if he ought to get confidential. "And I'm going to get something for Mama, too. She's got nobody but me. She—she sews a good deal, and I sell papers after school; so we get along pretty well."

"I'm going to send you home in the car, Bobby. Wait; I'll give you a note to your mother."

On the way home the chauffeur stopped at the big store and asked Bobby to watch the car while he did some shopping. He came out with an enormous box that nearly filled the rear seat. He left the box with Bobby and his mother.

Bobby exhibited the money, and his mother read the note. She held him for a moment, and called him "her man."

"The note says for us to open the box tomorrow, Bobby." Her gray eyes were shining. "Maybe there is something for both of us."

"I been thinking about this twenty dollars," said Bobby, with heavy resolution. "Guess I better not spend all this for a train. We can't afford it. The pretty lady called me a man. No man would waste all that on an electric train. You just take it, Mama, and spend it like you want to; and give me a dollar for an aeroplane. That's enough, I guess." His shoulders drooped, and his voice trembled a little, but he won through. Mama held him close again.

That night, while Bobby slept, Mama worked for an hour or two with the pretty lady's present. When she had finished, she looked with misty eyes upon an electric train, with a red engine, and people in the cars—and a station and a bridge and a tunnel.

*Washington, D. C.*

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## The Sky of Utah

### A SONNET

Above the lofty pinnacles of snow,  
 How broad and vast the blue ethereal cope  
 Extends its borders to the distant slope  
 Where sky and earth merge in the rim below!  
 Of such great views, as here before me rise,  
 My eyes are powerless to grasp the scope;  
 Sublime, the distances in grandeur ope,  
 A sense of feeling that transcends surprise—  
 The feeling that inspired fair Sappho's heart  
 'Mid seas and mountains in her Grecian home;  
 Or Petrarch won amid the peers of Rome  
 Crowned with the laurel of poetic art.  
 Here heaven opens wide domains unknown,  
 And faith through inspiration gains a throne.

*Albuquerque, N. M.*

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND,

# PREACHING THE GOSPEL THROUGH THE RADIO

BY EARL J. GLADE, BUSINESS MANAGER, STATION K F P T,  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Possibly the most convincing demonstration of the power of radio to convey the gospel message was made at the late semi-annual conference of the Church. With the permission of the First Presi-



RADIOCASTING STUDIO OF STATION K F P T.

This room is resonance-proof. It is heavily padded on all exposed surfaces and draped in rich, rose-colored velvet. Radio experts report that its fine acoustic properties are in a large part responsible for the remarkable clarity for which K F P T is widely known. The station is the property of the Radio Service Corporation of Utah, John N. Cope, president; Earl J. Glade, business manager; Charles H. Hayes, announcer. Other members of the corporation are Sidney Mulcock, Francis W. Cope and Heber C. Johnson.

dency, arrangements were effected to radiocast the entire proceedings.

This was done over radio station K F P T through direct wire to the main pulpit of the Tabernacle. It is no exaggeration to report that the result was very reassuring. Letters and cards, as well as telegrams, received from various points in western America and Canada, were convincing evidence of how much this service was appreciated. Even in Salt Lake and Ogden there were many who reported



having heard the conference proceedings, some for the first time in years, illness having prevented their attendance in numerous instances mentioned.

One of the most notable incidents was the case of President Penrose, who was ill and unable to be at the conference. After a receiving instrument had been placed in the Penrose home, it was soon evident that the stricken man was in touch with the proceedings of the conference. As President Grant made the opening announcement, President Penrose said, "It is the President's voice!" Later on when the male chorus sang, "School thy feelings, O my brother," and the melodious strains came right into the sick room with a clarity and



This transmitter, which is of 500 watts capacity, was constructed by John N. Cope, radio, technician in charge of Station K F P T. The instrument embodies a number of elements invented by Mr. Cope himself which are winning for him attention in the field of radio. Arrangements are underway to raise the power of this station to 1,000 watts.

power that would have characterized the singing, had the artists been in the bedroom in person, tears were seen to run down the cheeks of the venerable Churchman as he said, "That is wonderful."

President Penrose commented on the power of radio to do for thousands of others—some ill, possibly, and unable to attend service in person; some remotely situated from Salt Lake—what it had done for him. As Station KFPT's representative left the Penrose home that evening, the great man said, "I certainly thank you; it has been one of the most thrilling experiences of my life."

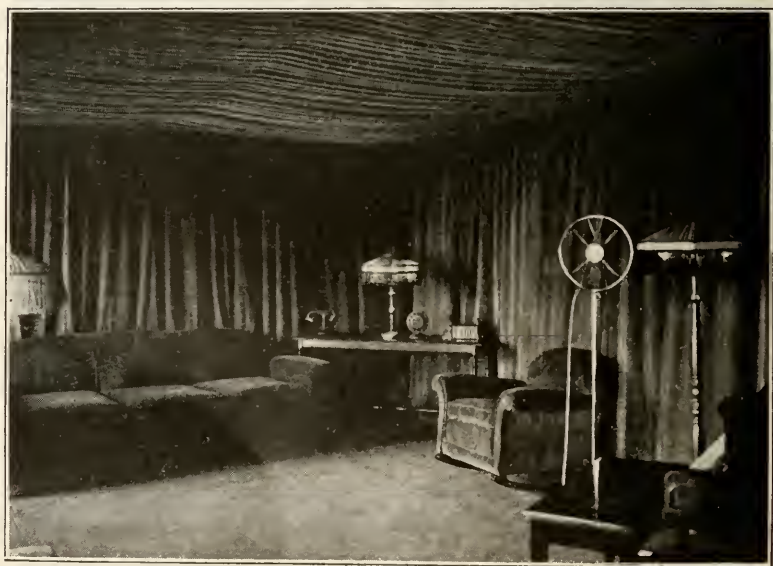
There were no fewer than a dozen business houses in Salt Lake

and Ogden where the services were being received over the radio and eagerly listened to by hundreds of people, many of whom had never heard such a service before.

Many interesting episodes occurred in connection with the radio-casting. During an afternoon service, Bishop Isaac P. Thunnel, of the Wasatch ward, had to leave the tabernacle for an appointment at his place of business, on Main street. While there, over the radio, he heard President Grant call him to the stand, unaware, of course, that the bishop, at that moment was not in the tabernacle. In a few moments, the latter was able to report at the pulpit.

Arrangements have now been completed for the radiocasting of a regular Sunday evening service each Sunday, at 9 o'clock, mountain time. The program consists of a twenty-five minute sermon and sacred music, consuming altogether about one hour. It is radiocast from the studio, at Station K F P T, an attractive, non-resonant chamber which is in large part responsible for the wondrous clarity with which these services are received. The services are in charge of Presiding Bishop Charles W. Nibley and his counselors.

President Grant inaugurated the services and has spoken a number of times. His voice carries with remarkable clearness and power. Other speakers at this writing have been President Nephi L. Morris, who delivered an eloquent discourse entitled, "This is the Place," and Nephi Jensen, former president of the Canadian mission, who presented an eloquent tribute to the Prophet Joseph.



Another view of the studio, showing the microphone, the super-sensitive instrument which picks up the message or music to be radiocast.

Hundreds of telegraphic, telephonic and written statements of appreciation have been received at the station and by the Presidency.

An idea of the extent of the area covered by this service is conveyed in the distance from which clear reception is reported. During the week of this writing, letters have been received from Englewood, New Jersey; the Hawaiian Islands; Baltimore, Maryland; British Columbia; Sitka, Alaska; Denver, Iowa, and hundreds of other intermediate points in which reception is reported and appreciation expressed. Nearly every city in California has sent acknowledgment. The Northwest has also been especially responsive.

The power of such a means of intelligence-transmission is evident when one considers that of the many who listened only the smallest fraction send acknowledgment of reception. To state that station K F P T has an audience of over a million, according to radio experts, is no exaggeration.

Since the beginning of the services, the power of the station has been increased, and, in the very near future, it will be again augmented, so as to be comparable with the most powerful stations in America. It already is rated among the fifty finest stations in the United States, of which there are upwards of five hundred.

As a means of preaching the gospel, the potentiality of radio is just coming to be understood. These programs of discourse and sacred music are brought to the very fire-sides of thousands of people who otherwise would be very difficult to reach. In the privacy of their own homes they are often willing, if not eager, to listen to the gospel message. Many an indifferent person has openly admitted that radio has done more to convince him of the immortality of things and of the existence of Deity than any other intermediary.

Who can presage what the developments of the morrow will bring with this wondrous instrumentality that our Father in heaven, through his providence, has placed in our hands, reaching out as it does, to the ends of the earth?

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## We Trust in Thee

Sons of God, we come to earth	Striving on toward the light,
Eternal glory to be won.	We fall and rise and fall again;
Past that's hidden at our birth	Lord, we trust thee in thy might
Will be revealed when earth is done.	To lift us up, to free from sin.
Darkness here our path does hide,	Weak, we follow paths unknown.
And yet 'tis broken by a light.	Our spirits ever rise to thee.
Law of God we will abide,	Guide us on, we are thy own;
Thy presence drives away the night.	In thee we trust; we cannot see.
<i>Thatcher, Arizona.</i>	J. OSCAR ANDERSON.

# THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF PALESTINE

BY H. C. SINGER

Prior to the war and the relief of the Holy Land from the regime of the Turks, the manufacturing industry of Palestine was but little developed. Indeed the Turkish Empire, surrounded by powerful anxious and intriguing powers, had but little opportunity to develop the resources which will make of Palestine in future years, a land of milk and honey. Political intrigue, inefficient transportation, and defective legislation, have greatly hindered the development of industry in the past. These coupled with lack of capital and the spirit of enterprise, not to mention the curse of the Turkish government, have kept Palestine from being a nation among nations.

Palestine has much yet to accomplish, to set her house in order to speed away to industrial prosperity. Her political questions must be settled, the Arab and the Jew must settle their differences amicably, and a market must be found for her wares, the old primitive methods must be modernized and, as Palestine is too small for the installation of large-scale factories, she may yet be important as a nodal point between the East and the Old World.

Eastward of the Jordan lie fertile plains, now only deserts, the hills are susceptible to afforestation, eastward and southward of the Dead Sea. The lands are rich in minerals, yet it cannot be denied her waterpower constitute the biggest asset that she now possesses. It may be that trade with Arabia and India, *via* Akabah, will compete more favorably with the heavy freight rates of the Suez Canal; and, as trade is largely done with the Bedouins, from whom Palestine buys her cattle, camels, wool, butter and hides, and to whom she sells cereals, tobacco, sugar, wool, etc., trading centers will probably be formed along the border of the desert.

At present, her Jewish colonies are settled along the border of the sea from Haifa down to Gaza, while inland, Galilee seems to be the chosen spot for colonization. Of course, there is a large colony at Jerusalem, Mazah and Artuf, but south of Hebron, only little or no colonization. Statistics prove that 25,000 to 30,000 immigrants have poured into Palestine since 1920-1923. Upon the arrival of the immigrants they are met at the ports by an official who attends to their wants, putting them on trains for central points. Upon arrival at these, they are again met, lodged, and fed until assigned to their respective fields of labor. Coming from all parts of the world, they mix and mingle, and the exchange of ideas must be of great worth to the Holy Land.

From Akka in the north to Gaza and the desert border, there is one railway, while from Haifa eastward one hundred miles, another



branch line joins Jaffa (the principal port) to Jerusalem, and Afale to Nablus and Tulkeram. There are, of course, many more projects under construction, such as Haifa and Tiberias, through Rosh-Pina, Metula and Rajaka, linking Haifa with Constantinople. The Cairo to Bagdad railway will also traverse Palestine, connecting the Palestinian system at Akabah. This cannot but be a source of wealth to Palestine.

Of her natural resources, not the least is her mines of quarystone, lime, gypsum, salt, carnallite, bromide and sulphur, phosphates, asphalt, bituminous limes and petroleum. The country literally abounds with quarystone, once the important industry in the days of classic antiquity; still at Jasim may be obtained splendid paving stone, which industry, well developed, might be of great wealth. Lime will be needed for building purposes, and, in the days of reconstruction, will be a lucrative field, while it may easily be prepared and exported as cement and hydraulic lime. Gypsum produced near Damascus will be in demand during the days of building; while there is but little of it produced, quantities have been found at Jebel Gipsin.

From the waters of the Dead Sea, comes salt in enormous quantities, while at Jebel Usaum rock-salt contains the standard of purity to 99%. Salt springs are found in abundance along the shores of the sea and in the Jordan valley. Carnallite is also obtained from the Dead Sea—crude carnallite containing 26% of potassium-chloride, forming an ingredient of artificial manure, it will be of great value to many parts of Palestine soil, while it may be used in potash, nitric acid, soap and glass. Yielding more treasures, the Dead Sea gives bromine as a product for export, and sulphur has been found in its environs and in the Jordan valley.

Professor Blankenhorn asserts that on the floor of the Dead Sea there is a fissure containing pure asphalt, while at Hasebeiga it was mined for five years.

Experts declare that underground oil fields are very extensive in Palestine, and companies are drilling there on a very large scale. Being situated in the petroleum zone, between Mesopotamia and Egypt, with petroleum to the south, Palestine bids fair to be a land of petroleum enterprise.

At Haifa, Baron Rothschild's flour mills have been working for a considerable time, but are not so modern as those found at Damascus, and Beirut. Mostly they are driven by water and a few by mechanical power. Of course, the milling industry depends on the production of sufficient quantities of Palestinian wheat, while at present the greater bulk of wheat used is imported from abroad.

Despite the primitive methods used, the olive oil industry in Palestine flourishes, producing within the last two years, 7,000 tons of oil from 600 mills in the villages. Soap factories use the oil chiefly, therefore but little being exported, but to Egypt by way of Jaffa, have

gone 7,000 tons of soap annually. Sesame and hemp-seed is also largely exported, while the butter industry has made surprising strides in recent years, Ethereal oils have been extracted from a number of plants, but with little success from roses, geraniums and orange flowers; but anis seed and oil of thyme, are prepared in Galilee, olive oil from the Jordan valley and bay oil at Antioch. These industries will be of great proportions in later years. Sugar refineries and vast factories of cocoa, and chocolate are now under production.

Starch is now prepared from wheat grown at Damascus and is prepared mainly as an article of diet.

Concerns are interesting themselves in saw and paper mills, textiles, tanneries, building materials and glass works; while on a small scale, macaroni and cereal foods are now produced. Fishing in Galilee, tobacco from the eastern plains, textiles from Syria and wooden furniture from Beirut, such are some of the minor industries of Palestine. Let it be remembered that primitive methods prevail at present, in most of the enterprises, but under efficient management the modernized production will be greater and the fields of enterprise of wider expansion.

Nearly four hundred mills are driven by water, and systems of canals are being utilized for irrigation purposes, and it is asserted that "Not a drop runs to waste in the swampy lakes of Baret-el Ateihe." At the same time, the slime from the waters and the sewage from the cities fertilize all the environs. Plans for dams and gigantic barrages to hold the rain in the mountains have been prepared, with the view that the water flowing down the ravines in the winter months could be stored up for irrigation of the plains in the summer. A great deal of land is to be levelled and water from mountain reservoirs conveyed wherever required. Additional supplies of water are to be secured by drainage of swamps and morasses and by regulating the flow of rivers. By lowering the level of the waters of Merom, the Hule Plain could be watered by means of an overflow canal. The right of the rivers of the Jordan and Anjau were ceded to Mr. Pinhas by the British government in 1921 for use and development.

At the head of the Jordan river there is now under construction a gigantic hydro-electric plant. It is estimated that the rivers of Palestine can supply an energy of 500,000 horsepower. Such a thing as electric mountain railways would prove useful as a means of communication between the hot, low-lying valley regions and the cool hill stations. Many are the complexities and peculiarities of the country. Leaders of industry and colonization may be led away with extravagant ideas, but foresight, caution, prayerfulness, an abiding faith, and the hope that has shone like a beacon light through years of lonely exile, will gradually be realized so that the desert will blossom as the rose, and Palestine may someday "become the garden of the world."

*Lethbridge, Canada.*

# PROPHECY AND HISTORY

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class M. I. A., 1924-25

## Prophecy—The Book of Mormon

### INTRODUCTION

The second part of the course of study consists of twelve lessons, the titles of which are as follows:

(1) The Book of Mormon as a Fulfilment of Ancient Prophecy; (2) Of Prophecies within Itself; (3) Of Modern Prophecy; (4) Prophecies in the Book of Mormon Already Fulfilled; (5) Being Fulfilled; (6) Yet to be Fulfilled; (7) Prophecies in the Book of Mormon with Promises to the Individual; (8) With Promises to Communities or Nations; (9) Prophecies in the Book of Mormon not Found in Other Scripture; (10) Of Most Vital Interest to the Indian; (11) Of Most Vital Interest to Our Nation; (12) Of Most Vital Interest to Us as Latter-day Saints.

It is hoped that the members of the class, as a rule, will at least read the special references with a view of being prepared on the "Questions and Problems." Bringing the book most needed, and also the *Improvement Era* or *Young Woman's Journal*, to the class will greatly aid in making the lessons instructive and interesting. *To the text and its explanation* is a good class slogan.

The teacher who prepares and teaches a lesson is entitled to some self-effort on the part of the members of the class, and in cases of special assignments to individuals the acceptance becomes a pledge to do ones best.

The questions and problems are so presented that each may be disposed of within five minutes.

## Lesson XIII—The Book of Mormon as a Fulfilment of Ancient Prophecy

### I. SPECIAL REFERENCES FOR CLASS STUDY.

1. Pearl of Great Prices, Moses 7, about 3,000 B. C.
2. Bible, Psalms 85:11, about 1,000 B. C.
3. Isaiah 29:11, about 750 B. C.
4. Isaiah 45:8, about 750 B. C.
5. Ezekiel 37:15-20, about 560 B. C.

### II. QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS.

1. (a) How does the prediction recorded in Moses 7:62 point to the coming forth of the Book of Mormon? (b) By whom was the prophecy made? (c) About how long was it made before its fulfilment?
2. How did we get the prophecy recorded in Moses 7:62? (See Pearl of Great Price, title to chapter one.)
3. Quote Psalm 85:11. Name the author and give approximate date of his writings.

4. Which of the events in the bringing forth of the Book of Mormon fulfilled the prophecy, "Righteousness will I send down from Heaven?"

5. (a) Quote Isaiah 29:11. (b) Name the man who literally fulfilled this prophecy recorded therein. (c) Relate or read the circumstances of the historical incident. See *History of the Church*, Vol. 1, p. 20.

6. Discuss Isaiah 45:8 under the following heads: (a) The author, (b) The time, (c) The part of the prophecy fulfilled by the visit of the Angel Moroni, (d) The part fulfilled by the delivery of the plates to Joseph Smith.

7. In the light of *The Articles of Faith*, by Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve, pages 276-277, 1924 edition, explain the prophecy made more than 2,500 years ago by the prophet Ezekiel and recorded in Ezekiel 37:15-20.

#### Lesson XIV—The Book of Mormon as a Fulfilment of Prophecies within Itself.

##### I. SPECIAL REFERENCES FOR CLASS STUDY.

1. II Nephi 3:11-12; 2. II Nephi 27:6-24; 3. II Nephi 29:6-10.
4. Mormon 8:14, 16, 25, 26; 5. Moroni 10:4, 28.

##### II. QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS.

1. (a) Read to the class II Nephi 3:11-12. (b) Tell about when, and also by whom, the prophecy was first uttered; and how it came to be in the Nephite records, and what part of the prophecy has been fulfilled since the Book of Mormon was published.

2. Read the testimonies and the names of the three and the eight testators who fulfilled the prophecy recorded in II Nephi 27:13-14.

3. Quote from memory or read the prophecy contained in the Book of Mormon which was fulfilled by the anti-Mormon cry "Joe Smith's Golden Bible," or "The Mormon Bible." (II Nephi 29:6-10.)

5. Discuss the prophecy or promise recorded in Moroni 10:4: (a) The time, (b) The author, (c) The stream of personal testimony concerning its fulfilment.

#### Lesson XV—The Book of Mormon as a Fulfilment of Modern Prophecy.

##### I. SPECIAL REFERENCES FOR CLASS STUDY.

1. Doctrine & Covenants 3:17; 2. Doctrine & Covenants 3:18; 3. Doctrine & Covenants 5:15; 4. Doctrine & Covenants 5:23, 24;

##### II. QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS.

1. Show that the publication of the Book of Mormon in the Hawaiian language is a partial fulfilment of the prediction recorded in Doc. & Cov. 3:17, 18.

2. Show how the teaching of English to the Indians in the Government schools is making it possible for the Book of Mormon to become a complete fulfilment of the prophecy in Doctrine & Covenants 3:18.

3. How does the unshaken testimony of the three witnesses provide for a continuance of the fulfilment of the prophecy recorded in the Doc. & Cov. 5:15?

4. Correlate Doc. & Cov. 5:24 with the following:

Testimony of the Book of Mormon, given at Clarkston, Utah, by Martin Harris, 1875 (July)—"Brethren, I believe there is an angel here to hear what I tell you, and you shall never forget what I say. The prophet Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery,



David Whitmer and myself went into a little grove to pray to obtain a promise that we should behold the plates with our natural eyes that we might testify of it to the world. We prayed a time or two and at length an angel stood before David and Oliver and showed them the plates, but behold, I had gone by myself to pray and in my deepest distress I asked the Prophet Joseph to kneel down with me and pray for me that I may also see the plates. He did so, and immediately the angel stood before me and said, 'Look.' When I gazed upon him I fell to the earth, but I stood on my feet again and saw the angel turn the golden leaves over, and I said, 'That is enough, my Lord, and my God.' Then I heard the voice of God say, 'The Book translated from those plates is true and translated correctly.' " (See *Improvement Era*, September, 1923, pp. 980-1.)

Discuss the following statement:

"The Divine Authenticity of no other book is as well attested by human testimony as is that of the Book of Mormon."

## The Bird

The bird sings out his very best  
When on the tree, or in the nest;  
When perched upon a lofty pine,  
Or nestled 'mid a leafy vine.  
When soaring high from human sight  
He sings with all his main, and might,  
He sings not to be heard of men,  
Or, that he may be praised by them.  
He sings because he's made to sing  
By Him, who gave him voice and wing.

If perched upon a steeple high,  
Or, on a bough where men pass by,  
Or, on a stately, swaying tree,  
Or, on a shrub they do not see.  
He poses, with the same good grace  
At every time, and every place;  
Not just where he is seen of men  
That he may be admired by them,  
But just because he is a bird;  
No matter whether seen or heard.

O would that I were like the bird  
Caring not who saw, nor heard,  
Just so that I well filled the place  
God gave to me. And by his grace  
Simply and truly, just to be  
Whatever he designed in me.  
If by my act, my word, my song,  
Some others have been helped along  
And made more happy and less sad,  
Through my weak efforts, I am glad.

But let me not exalted be,  
Just so that men may hear and see  
The little things I do and say,  
Things which, like bubbles, pass away.  
But let me be just like the bird  
Singing on, though unseen, unheard.

Logan, Utah.

SAMUEL B. MITTON.

## SUPPOSED LIKENESSES OF OUR LORD

The Evangelists do not Describe His Person, but  
Artists Have Given Us Their Own Ideas

BY J. M. SJODAHL

While the Evangelists, who are the biographers of our Lord and Savior, give us a remarkably clear idea of the perfection of his moral character, they leave many questions unanswered. One of these concerns his personal appearance. They have no description of his stature, his complexion, etc. They furnish no data from which even a skilful artist may make a likeness in marble or on canvas.

The reason for this is apparent. Man is ever prone to cling to outward forms and ceremonies and to neglect the spiritual element. The Evangelists have studiously avoided to draw any picture of the physical features of the Master, while they have placed before us a character, the divine features of which are unmistakable.

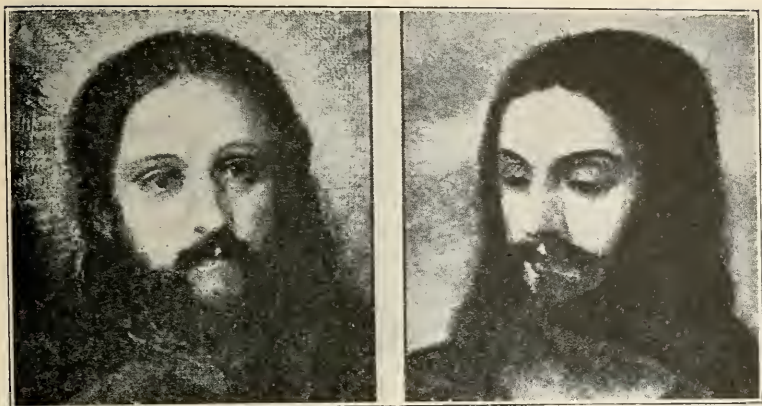
Then again, as one historian well says, "No figure of Christ in color, or bronze, or marble, can reach the ideal of perfect beauty which came forth into actual reality in the Son of God and the Son of man. The highest creations of art are here but feeble reflections of the original in heaven."

However, artists in later ages have endeavored to give us a true likeness of the Savior, from such descriptions as do exist. These are of comparatively recent date, but it is not impossible that in them are found some of the main points of older traditions, from the time of Irenaeus, Papias, or even St. John.

In the 8th century Nicephorus says our Lord resembled his mother Mary. He was beautiful, strikingly tall, with fair and slightly curling hair, with dark eyebrows, an oval countenance, a pale, olive complexion, bright eyes, an attitude slightly stooping, and a look expressive of patience, nobility and wisdom.

There is also a letter purporting to have been written by a proconsul in Jerusalem, Lentulus by name, to the Roman senate concerning the crucifixion. He is said to have been contemporary with Pilate, but the judgment of scholars is that the letter cannot be any older than the 12th century, though it may be founded on an older tradition. In that letter the following occurs:

"There appeared in our times a man of great virtue, named Christ Jesus \* \* \* He is a man of lofty stature, beautiful, having a noble countenance, so that they who look on him may both love and fear. He has wavy hair, rather crisp, of the color of wine, and glittering as it flows down from his shoulders, with a parting in the middle of the head after the manner of the Nazarenes. His forehead is pure and even, and his face without any spot or wrinkle, but glowing with a delicate flush. His nose and mouth are faultless; he has a beard, abundant and of the same hazel color



Characteristic Artists' Likenesses of Our Lord. Left, by Paolo Cagliary (1528-88), generally known as Veronese. Painting now in Dresden. Right, by Titian (1477-1576), a painting now at Madrid.

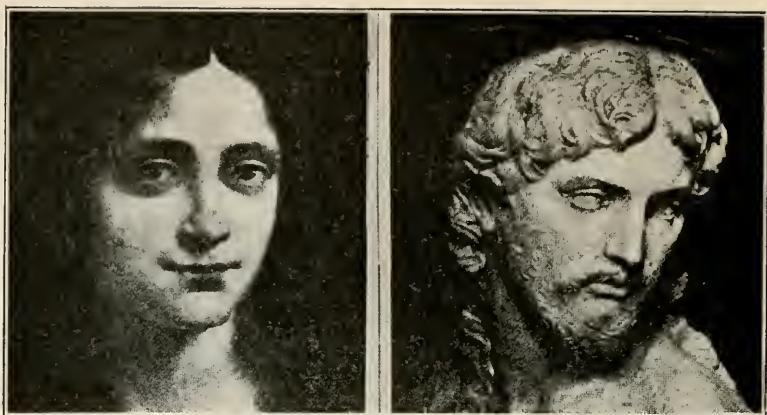
as his hair, not long but forked. His eyes are blue and very bright: He is terrible in rebuke, calm and loving in admonition, cheerful, but preserving in gravity. He has never been seen to laugh, but oftentimes to weep. His stature is erect, and his hands and limbs are beautiful to look upon. In speech he is grave, reserved, and modest; and he is fair among the children of men."

It is said that a statue of Christ found its way into the private *lararium* of Emperor Alexander Severus, where it was placed among other household gods. Other statues are also said to have been in existence in the early ages, among which is mentioned one at Caesarea Philippi.

Finally, there is the fictitious story of Veronica, a woman of Jerusalem, who, with many others, accompanied our Savior on his road to Calvary. According to the mythical account, she gave Jesus a towel with which he wiped off his of pain and anguish perspiring face, whereupon the sacred features were imprinted upon the cloth. The picture was later taken to Rome.

The truth concerning the picture seems to be this, that it was exhibited in Rome as the "true likeness" of Jesus. Its origin is absolutely unknown. In the old Roman language it was called the *vera ikon*—the true likeness—to distinguish it from others which may have existed. This expression became gradually in the vernacular "Veronica," and then the story was woven around the fictitious name.

Many artists have endeavored to produce a likeness from these and similar descriptions and early efforts. Some represent our Lord with an expression of serenity and infinite dignity. Others, taking their inspiration from Isaiah 53:3: "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid, as it were, our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not,"



Characteristic Artists' Likenesses of our Lord. Right, Michelangelo (1475-1564), sculptor, painter and poet. The original is in Rome. Left, a peculiar conception by M. D'Oggione, a less famous artist. The original is in Rome.

endeavored to express this thought of the great prophet. And so we have the "*ecco homo*" pictures which all our readers have seen. The beautiful statue by Thorvaldsen in Copenhagen, belongs to the first group of these two classes.

In view of the efforts of art to create a likeness of our Lord, an article in the November number of *The Ladies' Home Journal* concerning a recently discovered group of sculptured forms, which have been supposed to be genuine portraits of our Lord and some of the first apostles, is of interest. The group appears on a silver chalice, which serves as receptacle for a plain cup of the same metal, and which is thought to be the very cup our Lord used when he instituted the Sacrament, before his betrayal and death. The supposition is that the cup was preserved by the Christians in Jerusalem, until persecution scattered them, when the sacred vessel was carried to Antioch by some of the fugitives. Here, later, some artist, some silversmith, such as Demetrius at Ephesus, perhaps, converted to Christianity, made the outer cover and reproduced from descriptions or even from memory the portraits on it. The chalice is said to have been found in recent years at Antioch, and is now in the possession of Messrs. Kouchakji Freres, New York, who have published a large, de luxe, work on it by Dr. Eisen.

Judging from the reproductions in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the features of Christ remind one of what one would suppose to be those of his saintly mother. Whether they are genuine or not, I have no means of judging, but I am inclined to agree with the impression of one who has seen the chalice, who, as quoted in the *Home Journal*, says there is something about it "which sinks into the depths of one's soul." Even if the chalice is only a specimen of early Christian art it is an object of great interest.



## CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

### Choristers' Manual—Lesson XII—Concerning Voice Production. (*Continued*)

BY EDWARD P. KIMBALL

This lesson would not be complete without some consideration of two other important elements of singing, the vowel and the consonant. In fact, the two elements in all pronunciation of words are the proper values which are given to the enunciation of vowels, and the articulation of consonants. One authority, Adcock, says: "Quality of tone depends on the vowels, but distinct utterance upon the consonants; if these are not clearly articulated, the sense of the words will be entirely lost. In the discussion of vowels we can do not better than consider the subject as it was elucidated for the choristers recently by Anthony C. Lund, director of the Tabernacle choir, and a member of the Church Music Committee. These are his views:

In a number of languages vowel (*vokale*) is the word upon which vocalization is built. Then the scheme of learning to sing is described as vowel-making or vocalizing.

It is very true that intonation alone will not give vocal work a good finished effect. I heard some Armenian Saints sing several of our hymns in fairly good time, but the vocalization was absolutely missing. A vowel! Yes, the most intensely human thing in the world. Every means known to physics in the university laboratories of the world have been exhausted to find a variable spacing that would shape as a human mouth the primary vowels. Never a bit of success has been met with. A tone given out by the voice is first a vibration of the larynx. The vocal bands have their edges assist the flow of breath just enough to produce the vibration required.

This vibration is augmented and beautified by the cavities and spaces and surface in the bony structure of the face.

These resonances must be co-ordinated, and balanced so that the tubular spaces in the nose are present but not obviously so, the enclosed chest spaces giving its proper share of resonance. The arched roof of the mouth, the pharynx and the cuplike space just above the vocal bands, and the large spaces behind the nose, and the molar and sinus spaces all contribute to the augmentation and balance of tone. More than this the well defined primary and secondary vowels are the direct result of the mouth, in various forms or spacings. "I" is an uptongue vowel, "o" is a low-tongue vowel; "e" is an up-tongue vowel, and "a" is a low-tongue vowel.

The low-tongue is often inclined to draw back and spoil the spacing at the back of the mouth. The up-tongue instead of raising itself with a lowered jaw, often does not work independently of the jaw, which should hang low and limp-like.

The colors of tone, covered and open, arise from the fact that the lips act in two ways. In the covered tone the lips protrude somewhat elongating the passage way. The result is greater earnestness and sympathy and greater solemnity in the tone.

Lips away, teeth exposed and a lightsome beautiful tone results. Good for descriptive work in lighter vein, but lacking in depth or seriousness.

Timbre and sentiment must agree.

"Every vocal tone must begin instantly true in pitch, instantly pure in the vowel and the mouth spacing maintained to the end of the tone. Consonants which are interruptions of the stream of tone or vowel, must be grouped and determinedly

used as stroke material at the beginning of the tonè. Our Italian friends get from their very language and its vowels, a tendency for their mouth to fly open and remain so. Our language and vowels have a tendency for their mouths to fly open and shut.

Artists, like the late David Bispham, have shown that our language, properly given, lacks nothing of the supreme color which tints that most emotional of all things human—a vowel.—A. C. Lund.

"All consonants form more or less of an obstruction or interruption to the vocal sound; but as the interruption is a natural one, and as distinction of utterance depends on that interruption, the singer should not attempt to shirk it, or lessen the value of the consonant on the ground that the vocal sound will be improved thereby. On the contrary, the full value must be given to articulate sound, and the necessary time for its completion must be allowed, or the result will be most unsatisfactory." (Clara Kathleen Rogers.) And Garcia: "Expression depends greatly on the weight and strength given to articulation. Consonants express the force of a sentiment, just as vowels express its nature. We are always impressed by words strongly accentuated, because they appear to be dictated by some acute passion."

It is customary to think of a consonant as merely a letter of the alphabet, and in speaking, to give it a name which usually consists of the consonant itself plus a vowel. If we eliminate the vowel sound, the remaining consonant proves to be a more or less disagreeable sound, the result of a partial or a complete interruption to voice or to the breath; in this sense the consonant should be understood. It is helpful to locate the principal points at which these obstructions occur. A simple classification might be the following: first, at the lips, as P, B, M, W; second, at the tip of the tongue and the hard palate or the upper front teeth, as G (soft), J, T, D, L, S, R, Z, N; third, at the base of the tongue and the soft palate, as in Q, K, X, G (hard). Being a classification by place, these groups may be distinguished as labials, pinguals, and palatals. According to the way in which they are made, consonants are also divided into two classes; Aspirates, made only with the breath; vocals, which have some voice sound.

The whole subject of consonants is so broad a one that space here will not permit of an exhaustive consideration. The chorister is referred to two small volumes on the subject called, *English Diction for Singers and Speakers*, one by Clara Kathleen Rogers, and the other by Louis Arthur Russell. Here again much help can be given to the choristers of a stake if a competent vocalist can be secured to give a practical demonstration. In order to point the way around some faults, and show some dangers apt to be met with in the use of consonants the following list from A. M. Bell is presented in conclusion:

"Make clean our hearts" often sounds "Make lean our hearts."

"Can the African change his skin?" often sounds "Can the African Chain his kin?"

"Or the leopard his spots?" often sounds "Or the leopard his pots?"

"The cold ground" often sounds "The coal ground."

"An ever better way" often sounds "A never better way."

"An ice drop" often sound "A nice drop."

"A sad dangler" often sounds "A sad angler."

"Chaste stars" often sounds "Chase tars."

"Pain nobody" often sounds "Pay nobody." Etc.

Such faults of pronunciation will be taken up in greater detail in a later lesson on phrasing, expression, etc. But they should receive attention

here in connection with consonants, and means discussed for their eradication from our choirs.

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## Boys and Music

He who has learned to appreciate good music and good singing, who can listen to the compositions of the great masters of music, and feel his soul filled to its depths, by the emotions which they have put into their work, has gained something in his life which nothing but good music can give. "For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads."—Doc. and Cov. 25:12.

We should encourage our singers to sing the songs of Zion. Some of these hymns are full of inspiration. We must strive for the Holy Spirit when we attempt these soul-stirring hymns. Musical interpretation is the discovery and expressing of the significance and beauty of musical ideas, and it therefore demands the use of material in which there are beauty and meaning to be expressed. The character of the poem is always a key to the spirit of the music, and a thoughtful study of the verse as to count, accent, rhyme, phrasing, and the development of climax, will reveal the rhythmical form and melodic structure of the music. The aim is to develop in our young people an intelligent appreciation and enjoyment of good music, a musical, expressive voice to inspire love of good music, to appreciate the power and beauty of music. At our ward conference we had several of the deacons sing. Those boys just sang their way into the hearts of all present. We recommend that you use the boys to do some of your singing.—*Charles Kent, Rock Springs Schools, Wyoming.*

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## A Parable

(Luke 12:16-23)

A man who was rich, looked his storehouse o'er  
And greedily smiled and desired more.  
Said he: "My barns I must larger build  
That with my treasures they may be filled.  
Soul, thou hast much laid up for thee!  
Rejoice! Eat, drink, and merry be!"

But God looked down on this man of greed,  
Saw that all around there were souls in need  
Of clothing and shelter and daily bread,  
And unto the man he sternly said:  
"This night shall thy soul be required of thee,  
Thou, fool! then whose shall all these things be?"

So is he whose life unto self is given  
And is not rich toward God in heaven.  
For the things we take to our home above  
Are those which to others we give in love.  
Our lives like the Master's must ever be  
To dwell in his presence eternally.

*Twin Falls, Idaho.*

S. A. PURRINGTON

## MISSION MESSAGES

*"Behold, I sent you out to testify and warn the people, and it becometh every man who hath been warned to warn his neighbor. Therefore, they are left without excuse, and their sins are upon their own heads... He that seeketh me early shall find me, and shall not be forsaken."*—Doc. and Cov. 88:81-83.

### One Person May Do a Great Work

The elders are having a larger attendance at their meetings, and also are making more friends at Shiloh, than elsewhere in East Texas. Often over 150 people meet here to glean from the sermons of the missionaries God's plan of salvation for the human family. Much credit is due Sister Bray, through whose efforts the elders first visited that vicinity, and now through the kindness of Brother Bray we have the school house to preach in, whenever we can arrange to be there. It is also through this family's efforts that many are induced to attend our meetings, and Brother Bray hopes, in the near future to help the elders open up new territory around there. Sister Bray and her parents were converted to the gospel in the northern states. Later they moved to Utah, then to Idaho, where she met her husband. The couple came to Texas to make their home, and for nine years there were no "Mormon" elders visited the country where they lived. She wrote to the Texas headquarters and two years ago they made a visit there, holding a cottage meeting in the evening.



A BAPTISMAL COMPANY, IN SHILOH, EAST TEXAS

Now the other members of their family have been converted, and have entered the true fold of Christ. Prospects are very promising for more baptisms, and it is the desire of all the elders in the East Texas conference the some day another branch of the Church will be organized there. The picture shows the crowd who witnessed the entrance of Brother Bray and his son into the fold.—Cyril R. Funk.

### Raising Funds for the Poor

A bazaar recently given under the auspices of the Relief Society to raise funds to help the poor, brought to a close one of the best attended, and most successful conferences ever held in the Aalborg conference of the Danish



mission. For many months the sisters had been preparing for this event. The public also generously donated many articles. The stand was especially arranged to display the contributed articles. After a splendid program, the articles were sold to the highest bidders by Brother Valdemar Gerlach who awakened a keen interest among the bidders. As a feature of the program many humorous stories were told by Julius Brunn, president of the Aarhus conference. Evelyn Gerlach, Elna Neilsen, Arna Mogensen, Valdemar Gerlach, Thorvald Therkildsen and the elders contributed greatly to the success of the program. Elder Fay L. Curtz who has been assigned to the Copenhagen conferences after sixteen months of faithful service as secretary of the Aalborg conference, was presented with a beautiful hammered-silver fruit bowl in appreciation of his untiring efforts in the cause. Refreshments were served before the enjoyable evening was brought to a close.—*H. S. Lund*, Conference Secretary.



Elders left to right, front row: Fay L. Curtz, released conference secretary; John S. Hansen, mission president; Christen Larsen, conference president; H. S. Lund, conference secretary. Back row: Andrew Mollerup, traveling elder; O. C. Pedersen, Hjørring branch president; Claude Malan; Niels A. Pehrson, traveling elder; H. Martin Larsen.

## The Sin of Unbelief

The semi-annual conference of the Brooklyn conference, of the Eastern States mission, was held Saturday and Sunday, November 1 and 2. Saturday evening a general priesthood meeting was held and a round-table discussion followed in which a number of suggestions were made for the betterment of the work. Means were considered to increase attendance at sacrament meetings, and to make the work more effective, also ways of cooperating with the Saints.

The first Sunday session was held at 2700 Broadway, New York, at 10 a.m., devoted to the Sunday schools. The afternoon session was held

at 2 o'clock. Elder Alvin R. Dyer and President Len H. Layton were released. General Church Authorities were sustained. A sextette was rendered by ladies of the New York branch—"My Prophet dear"; and President Roberts gave a powerful discourse on "A Message of God—The Sin of Unbelief." The closing session of the conference was held in the Brooklyn chapel. Elder Alvin R. Dyer was the first speaker and was followed by a quintette from New York, after which Professor Levi Edgar Young clearly and forcefully expounded some of the fundamentals of "Mormonism." The Spirit of the Lord was with us in all these services and we feel strengthened because of the "feast of reason and flow of soul" given us during the conference. We have fifteen missionaries in the conference. We feel greatly blessed in this choice field of labor, and prospects are bright for a successful winter's campaign.—Condensed from a report by A. M. Livingston.

## Monuments in Zurich Switzerland

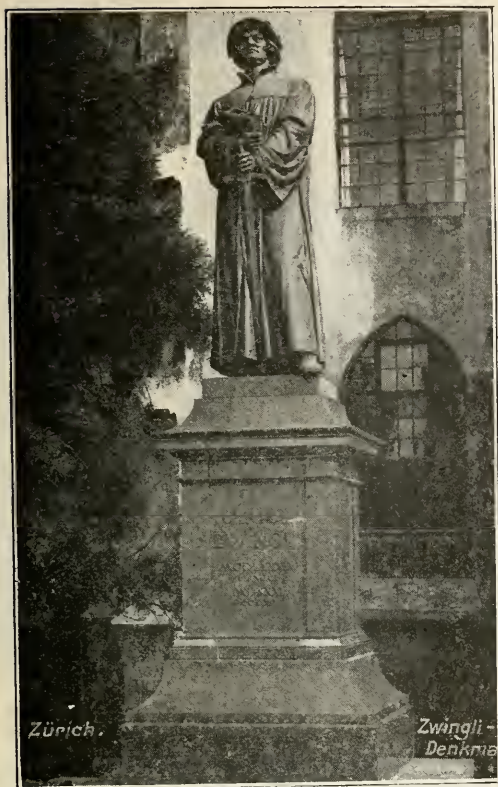
One afternoon, recently, I was working in our meeting hall in Zurich. Gradually the air vibrated with great force. The windows of the room



ZR-3 PASSING OVER ZURICH

rattled. A strange roar, as of huge motors running at high speed, enveloped me. I ran out onto the street. No one needed to point out to me the cause of the disturbance in the air. My senses involuntarily directed my eyes to its location—sailing majestically over the house tops. It was the Zeppelin. The blue-gray giant seemed to be endowed with superhuman intelligence and with an awesome self-control. A feeling of my smallness and helplessness filled me. Man is, after all, only a little animal in contrast with such a monster. The visit of the ZR-3 to Zurich caused no little disturbance and excitement among the Swiss citizens. Our picture shows the big ship flying over Zurich, Switzerland. In the background of the picture is the lake of Zurich. In the fore-

ground, the Grossmunster church. The second picture shows the Zurich statue of Ulrich Zwingli, a partner of Martin Luther, of Calvin, and of



MONUMENT TO ZWINGLI IN ZURICH

The tablet tells us the story of a man who gave his life for his belief. Ulrich Zwingli, born January 1, 1484, killed October 11, 1531, was one of the brave men who fought for freedom of conscience in Switzerland. To him and to his companions do we, as Latter-day Saints, owe a debt of gratitude. It is the result of his service that our missionaries are able and have been able for seventy years to brighten many Swiss homes with the message of the restoration of Christ's gospel. At times, as at present, there are officials of this little republic who do not have the same spirit of freedom of conscience which Ulrich Zwingli maintained with his life. It was in Zurich in the early 50's where Elder William Budge was confined in an underground cell for several days "because he preached Christ and him crucified." None the less, Zion is growing in the Zurich conference, Switzerland. We report 37 baptisms so far this year.—E. Wayne Stratford.

## A Spirited Conference

We had a most inspiring semi-annual conference of Bristol, South England, October 26. President and Sister McKay were in attendance. The Spirit of the Lord was with us in rich abundance, and every one present left with a greater love for the truth, as contained in the restored gospel of Christ. Owing to prejudice we were unable to obtain a hall for conference here, so it was held in Cheltenham, but I am glad to say that, through the efforts

Knox in the European Reformation. The statue of Zwingli and the Munster church are monuments to the past—to a revolution in relationships among men. The Zeppelin is a monument to the present—a monument of a revolution in the relationship among nations. Both link around the quaint city of Zurich in Switzerland.

Just around the corner from the Munster church is number 13 Church street, which was the former dwelling of Ulrich Zwingli. It is a plain, three-story, stone house. Over its door is a stone tablet in which is carved:

*Zwingli's Amtswohnung  
von diesem Hause zog er  
am 11. October, 1531,  
mit dem Heere der  
Zürcher nach Kappel aus  
wo er für seinen Glauben  
starb.*



of the Bristol branch president, we have finally obtained a hall in which to hold our Sunday service, which we hope will mark the beginning of better times here. The people are very prejudiced against our Church, wholly because they believe the scurrilous stories which have been circulated against us. We are endeavoring to break down this prejudice by circulating literature containing statements from reliable sources refuting these stories, trusting that the future will bring forth a richer harvest than we are having at present.



Missionaries laboring in the Bristol conference, British mission, left to right, standing: Mr. Perring, Plymouth (investigator); K. John Myers, American Fork; Reed M. Ogden, Richfield; Thomas O. Smith, Ogden; Ben E. Summers, Rexburg; J. Trevor Buddel, Ogden; Wendell R. Anderson, Salt Lake City. Sitting: Vernal G. Jones, Salt Lake City; Rulon H. Sanders, Murray, mission secretary of records; Emma Ray McKay, president Relief Societies, British mission; Peter J. Clark, American Fork; David O. McKay, president of the European mission; Don Clyde, Heber City, conference president; Albert G. Stanger, Idaho Falls.

We are enjoying our missionary labors immensely, and feel that the Lord is blessing us abundantly. We extend our thanks for the *Era*, because its splendid articles and uplifting spirit are sources of help and encouragement to us.—*Thos. O. Smith*, Conference Clerk.

### New Chapel at Minneapolis, Minn.

Elder Rulon A. Jones, late conference president of the Minnesota conference, whom Glenn W. Koffman has succeeded, sends the following information:

"The missionaries of this conference have met with good success in their past summer's work in the smaller cities. Much literature was distributed and many friends were made as a result of their labors. During August, 108 Books of Mormon were sold; 12,000 pamphlets, and 30,000 tracts were distributed; besides many hundred of Books of Mormon and other books loaned. Sixteen people were baptized in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Friends and investigators are increasing because of the cooperative efforts of the Saints and missionaries. Much credit is due the Bureau of



Information in Salt Lake City for correct and valuable information about the Latter-day Saints given the tourists who visit Salt Lake City every year. It helps the missionary work very much. The tri-annual conference, held October 25 and 26, was attended by President Heber J. Grant and wife, Elder George Albert Smith, of the Council of the Twelve; and Sister Ruth May Fox, with President John H. Taylor and wife, and Mission Secretary George E. Collard of Chicago. The new chapel at Minneapolis was dedicated at the time. There were four public sessions, the first being held in the St. Paul chapel. Saturday evening, October 25, and the remaining three convened in the new Minneapolis chapel on Sunday, October 26. Both places were filled to the limit at every session. President Heber J. Grant and Elder George Albert Smith spoke in all the meetings, and President Grant offered the dedicatory prayer in the afternoon session of the conference.

"The new Minneapolis chapel is the first erected on Minnesota soil by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and was built at a cost of \$15,000. It is a beautiful building, nicely furnished. Besides the general assembly room with a seating capacity of 280, a class and council room on the main floor; a large recreation room, a baptismal font, two class rooms, and a modern kitchen on the basement floor. The building is a credit to the Church, and the members of the Minneapolis branch have just cause to feel happy and proud of their new chapel."

### A Book of Mormon Incident

Writing from Albany, New York, Leland G. Larsen reports excellent progress in that conference. The elders are explaining the gospel to a number of investigators and are looking for a number of baptisms soon. Their street meetings have been especially successful. One evening after the meeting an elderly gentleman came up and testified to the elders that every word which they had spoken was true. He told this story:

Not long ago his wife had purchased a Book of Mormon which she gave to him to read, but he threw it out of the door into the back yard.



Elders of the Albany branch. Left to right: Eldon Wittwer, Bunkerville, Nevada; Leland G. Larsen, Duchesne; J. Raymond Siddoway, Vernal, Utah; Richard A. Pearce, Brigham City, Utah; Wm. C. Tebbs, conference president, Panguitch, Utah.

After many days his little boy picked up the book and gave it to his father. The book was open when he brought it in, soiled and injured by the rain. At first he was angry at the thought of the child bringing it back into the house. He glanced at the open page before him and read something of baptism. He became curious and desired to know what the "Mormons" believed about baptism. Having read some of the book, he became interested and decided to read it through, which he did, and afterwards sought other standard works of the Church. He now says that the Book of Mormon is the most wonderful book he has ever read, and also declares that he and his family have been looking for this gospel for a number of years.

### Three "Mormon" Missionaries in South Sea Storms

The rattle of bottles as the dairyman went his accustomed rounds broke the stillness of that tropical morning on the island of Papeete, Tahiti, January 16, 1924, when we were scheduled to leave for our field of labor, the island of Tubuai, 360 miles to the south. As the ship was to leave at 8 a.m., we had no time to meditate on the surrounding beauties of nature, but were busily engaged in getting our belonging on board, and after an excellent breakfast at mission headquarters, the usual good-bys were said, and President Peterson wished us God speed, we boarded the ship to take what proved to be the most hazardous voyage of our lives.

We were towed out of the pass by a motor boat, and it was not long until we were buffeting the waves in open sea and seasickness began. We took our turn with the rest, since it takes an experienced seaman to withstand the onslaught of the elements as these boats (being small) toss considerably. There were twenty-nine passengers on board, we three elders being the only white men in that number. At about 3 p.m. we sighted a school of porpoises and after about an hour's struggle, succeeded in harpooning one, only to lose him again in the fight to get him on board. At about 5:30 p.m. a fierce gale arose, and as the wind howled through the rigging the rain poured from a leaden sky. We knew we were in for a bad night. The storm continued throughout the night and though the little boat ploughed fearlessly on, it seemed for a time that we were doomed to be washed overboard, as large waves swept the deck. By 10 a.m. next morning, however, the wind gradually subsided and we sailed steadily along, making a distance of a hundred and twenty-five miles that day, and two hundred and ninety in all since leaving Papeete.

The following morning, Friday, the 18th, we expected to sight the island for which he had embarked; but, though by night fall we had traveled three hundred and sixty miles, no land was in sight, the storm evidently had driven us off our course, and we were lost in the great Pacific Ocean. For three days we sailed a few miles in one direction, then a few miles in another, traveling about 30 miles. Sunday and Monday was calm so we drifted with the current. On Tuesday, the 22nd, a wind came up and we were still hunters of land. We were not discouraged, however, for deep within us was the assurance that God would protect us, and we felt that land was near.

On the following morning at dawn there was great rejoicing in the hearts of all, as the island of Tubuai was sighted about twenty-five miles to the left. We immediately changed our course, heading for the island and, as a storm was coming up, every effort was put forth to hastily reach the pass. Good headway was made until noon. The wind became stronger as the day progressed. About 4 p.m. just as entrance to the pass was reached, the guide jib sail ripped, and to prevent going onto the reef we headed for the open sea. It immediately became dark and we were in the midst of a

howling tempest: the wind blowing 90 miles per hour. All sails were lowered except the second jib which was kept up to balance the boat, and there being very little cargo aboard it was with difficulty that capsizing was prevented.

As the night advanced and the storm increased in fury, the boat almost capsized four times. The third time, as the boat turned on its side, we were as if suspended in the air and when our side of the boat struck the water we were thrown with great force 'mid boxes and trunks to the other side of the boat, as it almost turned completely over. Throughout that long night, as the tempest raged and the sea seemed like a seething mass ready to swallow the boat and its occupants, we felt the Lord was protecting us. The storm lasted nearly all next day. At 5 p.m. the wind slackened.

The following morning, Friday, the 25th, a most beautiful sight greeted our eyes. The sky dotted with white clouds and the waves rising to a great height; the sea a dark blue with large white caps breaking near and far, the morning very beautiful. This continued all day. By Sunday the sea was very calm as if some unheard Voice had uttered once again, "Peace, be still." Four days all was calm, but no land appeared in sight. We had been sixteen days at sea; our water supply was exhausted and most of our provision spoiled by the salt water and the storm.

The crew almost despairing of seeing land again, placed the ship under our direction. So, praying earnestly that the Lord would direct us in our course, we felt impressed to turn southward, and so instructed the crew. About an hour later, a white bird was seen flying in the direction we were now going, and, as the wind increased we were soon sailing at a fair rate of speed. At 10:20 a.m., the following morning, land was again sighted, which proved to be the island of Raevai, on which we landed at 10 a.m., Feb. 2, 1924.

This island, according to native reports, was the one on which elder J. Brown, one of the first missionaries to these parts, narrowly escaped being burned at the stake, and it had not been visited by the elders since 1895. Here we remained for some weeks recuperating from our trying experience and preaching the gospel.

We sailed for Tubuai, our original destination, Feb. 25, and after a pleasant trip of two days reached our field of labor. We had traveled a distance of 1287 miles in twenty days to reach an island which under ordinary conditions would have been made in a few days, but we are grateful to have reached here, and thank our heavenly Father for his watchful care over us, knowing that only through Divine Providence have we been spared from a watery grave.—Elder Stanley W. Bird, Orovini, Papeete Tahiti, Society Islands.

## News from Hawaii

The West Maui conference, comprising most of the island of Maui, also the islands of Molokai and Lanai, is one of the most important conferences in the Hawaiian mission. It is made up of sixteen branches with an approximate membership of two thousand Saints. The majority are Hawaiian, but there are also a few Chinese and Portuguese members. The branches are at some distance from one another and from the conference headquarters which is situated at Wailuku. This condition necessitates a good deal of traveling on the part of the elders, which is done in a number of ways. Much walking of course, is done, but the elders also use the small railway operated by the plantations of the island, and the conference is fortunate enough to have a Ford car, donated by the Saints some six years ago, and although much dilapidated, still runs.

The Saints of the conference are faithful members and are strict observers of the law of tithing, this conference ranking second in the mission



on the tithing record. The baptisms up to date have reached sixty, a decided increase over last year and prospects are good for November and December. The auxiliary organizations are all represented in the conference, and during the past two months two Bee-Hive swarms have been organized and are now doing splendid work. The missionaries of West Maui appreciate the *Era* and eagerly look forward for each issue. They extend their *Aloha Nui* to all who are out preaching the gospel of Christ.—*I. Ford Roberts*, Conference President, West Maui Conference, P. O. Box 272, Wailuku, Maui, T. H.



Left to right, top row: W. H. Horton, Eugene J. Neff, mission president; I. Ford Roberts, conference president; George W. Hall. Second row: W. M. Hodson, conference clerk, Hawaiian Sunset; Marguerite V. Gordon, mission president Y. L. M. I. A. Third row: E. F. Packham; Wallace Lazenby; Spencer E. Saville. Fourth row: George R. Hammond; Athen L. Reese.

## Prejudice and Indifference

"Work in the East Kansas conference is progressing. We are meeting with much success, although there is a great deal of prejudice, and we find many people very indifferent in regard to our faith, but we are endeavoring with all our efforts to find the honest in heart and to bring them to a knowledge of the truth."—*George R. Woolley*, President East Kansas Conference.





Elders and lady missionaries, front row, left to right: Malissa Gribble, Salina; Lucy Houston, Lovell, Wyoming; George R. Wooley, Salt Lake City; Urol Major, Layton; Myrtle Johnston, Teton, Idaho; Mae Wolfley, Etna, Wyoming; second row: Serge N. Benson, Logan; Edith Hacking, Magrath, Alberta, Canada; Sterling Cook, Provo; Dudley Hardy, Bunkerville, Nevada; Glen M. Bennion, Vernal; A. M. Goodman, St. David, Arizona; back row: Franklin W. Maesett, Hunter; Clarence R. LaFever, Panguitch; Maurine Leigh, Cedar City; L. J. Esplin Orderville; Hilda E. Punborough, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## Appreciates His Mission

Elder Eugene Sloan, former student of the University of Utah, laboring as a missionary in Portland, Northwestern States mission, reports to Superintendent Richard R. Lyman that he likes his location and has found that the people are exceptionally kind to the missionaries, also that fine progress is being made there under the competent presidency of Brigham S. Young, under whose supervision he declares it is a pleasure to labor. "You have to get right out into the field before you can actually appreciate the values and importance of missionary work. I have listened to testimonies and expressions of delight concerning this work all my life from those who had engaged in it; still, it required a few weeks of actual experience before I reached a position where I could understand why a mission is praised so highly. It seems to me that if a young fellow could appreciate, more fully, the opportunity for development this work affords, without engaging in it, the Church authorities would be worked to death handling applications for missionary calls. For my own part I am glad that I did not go when I was younger. I believe I am more capable of appreciating the privilege that has been given me now than I would have been a few years earlier. As a result both the work and myself are benefited. I find that my schooling is a big advantage to me and the months of time I would have had to spend training myself, ordinarily, after arriving in the field have been put to more profitable use. It is gratifying to be able to make worthy use of an expensive schooling; you feel that the time, money, and effort spent is done for a good purpose.

"I can't help but wonder at the opportunity afforded 'Mormon' fellows that the other young men of the world do not have. A chance to develop themselves, see the world, gain the correct conception of life and what it means, help others less fortunate, and, above all, a chance to prove to their complete satisfaction that God lives and is personally directing this work for our eternal welfare. If I can return to the world but a small portion of the good I have received I will be satisfied. If the complete result of my mission is only my testimony as to the divinity of this work I will feel well repaid for the time spent. It certainly is a wonderful work and I'm glad I am in it. The best thing I can wish any young fellow is the same chance."

# THE ROAD FROM YESTERDAY

BY EZRA J. POULSEN

[Would this story have been better had it held that the son should take the unselfish part instead of pushing ahead of the father and getting the job for himself? Of course, the son did not know that the offer had been made to the father, but as the story goes, it reminds one of the story of Abraham and Lot. (See Genesis 12 and 13 and 19:17-29.) Lot chose the richest part of the country and Abraham was left in a dry spot, but the outcome was disastrous for selfish Lot, and he was compelled to seek the help of Abraham in the end. When the author's attention was called to this, he wrote: "I desired to have illustrated the quality of unobtrusive service. From my own point of view the comparison with Abraham and Lot is true with regard to Abraham and Gregory, but not between Fleming and Lot. The thought I really sought to emphasize is that doing the commonplace things well, and developing high quality in one's posterity is nothing short of great success. It is a rather settled conviction with me that, for every one who stands out in the limelight there are at least several who stand back in the shadows, and have toiled unceasingly to make the one's achievement possible. It is to them—they who have builded even better than they knew—that I would pay tribute."—EDITORS.]

Gregory Stoddard's day of big opportunity was slow in coming; but when it finally did arrive, it found him waiting with his lamp filled and his soul attuned to heed the call. He was particularly busy at the grocery store with an influx of morning customers when the telephone rang with the message from Dryal Benson Company. Accordingly he answered hastily, almost mechanically, while he held six cans of Sego milk and four bars of pure white soap under the hollow of his left arm; but the deep precise voice in the receiver brought him to instant attention, and made his words eagerly respectful. "Yes, yes, sir; I'll be glad to; thank you—thank you very much." Turning back to his feminine customer, his face glowed with intense satisfaction. "Milk, sixty; soap, twenty-five; cheese, fifty; salt, ten; total, one forty-five," he sang, pushing the articles across the counter. "Thanks, call again."

Every inch of Gregory, from the ground up, contributed visibly to his appearance as a successful groceryman. His medium height was accompanied by medium weight, which combined strength with briskness, durability with poise; and as for his substantial face, it was cordiality and dignity compounded with accuracy and patience. Gray hair and fifty notwithstanding, he was generously equipped with reserves of adaptability and enthusiasm.

He assured himself of this repeatedly during the day of the call from the Dryal Benson Company. It had been uphill plodding thus far, and had taken perceptibly longer than he had originally planned to build his thriving little business up to its present status: but according

to the financial wisecracks the first accumulations were immeasurably the most difficult; hence he concluded, the years with which he had matched his strength were not in vain, even if they had been charged with disappointment. A triumphant smile embellished his compressed mouth, and he threw an askant glance at his watch, as he thought of the six o'clock appointment uptown, which was the direct result of the morning call.

The nature of the proposition that would be laid before him by the President of the Dryal Benson Grocery Company he well understood, though there had been no specific statement conveying this information over the telephone. It was merely one of those matters that have the quality of getting heralded in advance by insistent rumors. For weeks, though, no one seemed to have any authoritative information, everyone in the trade knew, or pretended to know, that the Dryal Benson Company was looking for a new manager to take charge of its splendid chain of grocery stores in the state. Some of Gregory's friends had been so generous as to predict the place to him. This had been said merely in fun, originally, but upon serious second thought, they had concluded, "Why not? \* \* \* Old Stoddard \* \* \* would make a cracker-jack in that place."

In direct sequence, Stoddard himself, mulling the possibility over during his secret moments, had muttered in a sort of telepathic echo, "Why not?"

Promptly at thirty minutes before the appointed time he backed his small car out of the garage, and drove uptown in the dull, mid-winter twilight. On sixteenth street he parked on the limited space next a fire hydrant, and with the appearance of more reserve than he felt, walked straight into the spacious office of Sylvester O. Dryal.

The president was liberal in his greeting, which made Gregory immediately feel at home; and as he relaxed in the quartered-oak armchair, facing the man at the big flat top desk, he grew in self-reliance.

"Mr. Stoddard, we want your help," announced Dryal poignantly.

"You're welcome to it, such as it is," was Gregory's rejoinder. At that moment the groceryman measured himself cautiously, and he rejoiced at the discovery that he was neither flattered nor awed by the suggestion.

The suave, corpulent executive appraised him carefully through dark-rimmed glasses and narrow discerning eyes. "We're looking for a new manager for our local division," he stated. "How would you like to come in with us and add your store to our group at your own figure?"

Gregory's heart bumped his epiglottis, and he had a hard fight to remain casual in the presence of a highly appreciated opportunity. He conveyed an impression of perfect self-mastery, however, when he re-

marked that he would be very glad to give the matter careful consideration. "I'm thinking of taking my son into my business. I'd like to talk it over with him. It may be that I'd want to leave him in charge of my store."

"That would be agreeable, very agreeable," declared Mr. Dryal, tilting his big body comfortably back in his swivel chair, "What we want is a capable manager who can take the responsibility, and build according to our plans. He must have aggressiveness combined with big vision and practical judgment. As president of the company I favor you, if we can get you: and I'm quite sure my choice will pass the directors."

The first effect of the president's attitude made Gregory feel excessively diminutive, but he bravely measured the task, and pronounced himself capable. Intuitively he began feeling back along the woven thread of his past, trusting its strength expertly. He was glad he had been diligent in mastering the fundamentals of bookkeeping back in the old days. It was likewise with pleasure that he recalled several innovations, now thoroughly established, he had had the foresight to install; and lastly, he gloried in his recent correspondence studies in Business Administration. The course was still unfinished, but he had most of the meat in it, anyway. "I—I'll think it over," he proffered.

The drive back to the store was memorable. Gregory backed the car from its groove, and headed it down state street at a speed quite too liberal for him. But his grip on the wheel was iron; he was dominated by the mood of energy; and so finely sensitive was his nervous system that his foot fairly itched to tickle the accelerator. "Think it over!" He had already thought it over. The dawn of his great day was about to break, and he knew from the beginning what his answer would be. He was humanly eager to talk it over with Elizabeth and the children. They would be proud of him. Fleming in particular would be delighted with the full management of the store. That was a splendid opportunity indeed for a young fellow about to be married. His train of thought and his agile little car raced on until to his surprise he found his headlights glaring at his own garage door, and the engine was truckling impatiently to be admitted.

Home was waiting for Gregory with its full quota of happiness. A rosy coal fire danced in the living room fire place, and supper was set in the dinning room. Elizabeth, with her raven hair and winsome smile, greeted him in radiant sweetness, while the girls brought the food from the warming over in the kitchen.

"H'llo, Daddie," cried Muriel. "You're late tonight. You'll have to give an extra kiss for punishment." Accordingly she puckered her thirteen-year-old mouth to collect the fine, and he rejoiced in the payment, together with its accompaniment of curly bobbed hair and violet eyes, like her mother's.



"No fair," objected Olga; "Me, too." And laughingly, her budding womanhood and announced engagement offered no interference, she came in for her share of the carresses.

"Fleming hasn't come yet, so we'll not wait," announced Elizabeth with motherly solicitude. "He must be working late."

"All right, Mother." During the meal Gregory was greatly invigorated by the thought of the choice surprise he was going to spring on his family. He knew they would rejoice in his good fortune, and that they—Elizabeth in particular—would reaffirm their undying faith in him. It made him feel somewhat of a hero to know this, but he refrained from making the initial statement, knowing the longer he waited the sharper the climax would seem. It would be just as well to wait for Fleming anyway. The boy—young man in reality—would be very glad to hear.

Fleming had all those qualities necessary to make him the apple of his father's eye. Steady, industrious, intelligent, he had been a faithful delivery boy, an energetic clerk, a rousing good student, and now at twenty-six was temporarily a bookkeeper at one of the city banks. He was not satisfied, however, and had frequently expressed his preference to be at the head of a small, growing business. No other desire could have been so ideally in harmony with existing circumstances; and Gregory, while taking part in the usual pleasantries at the table, continued to develop this thought into a beautiful air castle.

But suddenly the door was thrust open, and Fleming in person fairly rushed into the room, his face aglow with excitement. He threw his hat and overcoat carelessly on the rack. "Gee, Mother and Daddy, I've gone and done it now," he declared, taking his place at the table.

"Done what?" they both demanded in a breath.

"I've started out after the biggest thing I've ever attempted," he dilated. "The cashier and the president have both given me a hearty recommendation, and they think with Daddy's help I'll land it."

"Land what?" Gregory Stoddard spoke with paternal impatience.

"The managership of the Dryal Benson string of stores.—Haven't you heard they were getting a new man?" Then without waiting for an answer: "Funny, you being in business the way you are!"

For just an instant a deadening chill clutched at Gregory's heart, and the room grew a trifle unsteady. "O—Oh, yes—I see," he faltered; then added briskly, "Why, yes, yes, that's a great idea!"

The gamut of human emotions varies from the highly elemental to the highly socialized, and Gregory immediately suffered exposure to the entire range. A wave of resentment surged through his being at the first impression of his son's announcement. The idea seemed presumptuous. He had been so sure Fleming would be happy with the management of the store, which was the result of a lifetime devo-

tion, that the knowledge to the contrary was like a sharp rebuke—"Young people now-a-days want to go too fast, expect too much for little," he criticized to himself.

"Golly, Mother and Daddy, I'm so enthusiastic about that position I can scarcely think of anything else. I've grown up in a grocery store, and I've had a college course in commerce and finance. That position just puts me on my toes with eagerness to work. Why don't you say something?" The young man looked to his father and mother through wide set but small, dynamic, brown eyes, while his mouth, rather wide and generous, was drawn into an interrogating smile. Elizabeth turned to her husband, clearly waiting for him to answer, and the girls both hung in expectant eagerness for his reaction. Gregory swallowed hard, and turned from one to the other of the members of his happy family. He saw what he must inevitably say, and held his own little dream manfully in abeyance.

"Why, boy of mine," he promised jovially, "you are man enough to fill the position, and we won't leave a stone upturned to stand in the way of your getting it." Instantly his soul delighted in the joy of self-sacrifice, and he began the vigorous task of reasoning out a plan of reconstruction. Fleming was young but capable, and the big promotion would carry immensely more potential achievement at twenty-six than it would at fifty. Besides, he could be happy running the one little store. Anyway, was not Fleming his boy? And was not the son's success also the father's?

When supper was over Gregory went to the telephone in the hall, and carried on a long conversation which the other members of the family did not hear; upon returning a broad smile was framed on his plain face, and he greeted Fleming as the future manager of Dryal Benson Company, district number one.

The rest of the evening was spent around the fireplace, discussing Fleming's good fortune; then, before retiring, Gregory stood in the darkness by the bedroom window, gazing long and reminiscently at the winter moonlight. The tiny, crusted wavelets on the gilded snow seemed metamorphosed into the tombstones of a thousand yesterdays. He thought all back along the way and was sorry he had not been able to accomplish bigger things, but rejoiced in the bright possibilities of his son. A pair of soft arms stole around his neck, and Elizabeth drew him into the subdued light of the window. "I—I—knew that place was offered to you," she murmured, "but I didn't know what to say, Dear, you were so fine about it. Fleming wouldn't think of accepting it, if he knew."

"That's one reason why he'll be a big success, not knowing," Gregory answered proudly.

Elizabeth's arms tightened. "Yes," she whispered, her voice tremulous with love, "and for the same reason, together with a million others, you are a tremendous success yourself."

## HIS FIRST LION

BY WILL DOBSON

After the lambing was over and the lambs had all be marked and docked, the sheep were moved from the lambing grounds into Prospect valley. Harvey's camp-boss stayed with him two days to help hold the herd in the valley. Then with a joy he could not hide, he hitched to the light camp wagon and rattled merrily off to the comforts and pleasures of town, forty-eight miles away.

"Back in ten days!" had been his parting shout. But Harvey knew him too well to expect any such miracle. He was always promising to be, "back in ten days," and returning in anywhere from two to three weeks. The apologies and explanations were always ample, if sometimes rather "fishy."

So now Harvey Walton was left alone with the herd. This had been his first experience with sheep, and through the shearing and lambing season it had been hard work with little sleep. But his uncle, owner of the herd, had promised him an easy and pleasant summer in a wonderful country. Now he found the promise coming true.

After the close-cropped rocky desolation of the lambing ground, Prospect valley was a revelation. The camp-boss called it all "feed," but to Harvey it was glorious summer foliage and flowers. Until the herd had come, there had been no animals save three or four outlaw steers and as many mustang horses, the tracks of which could be seen once in a while, but so far not a glimpse of the track makers. So Prospect valley had been allowed to grow in the warm spring sunshine undisturbed, until now the early June found it a fairyland of verdure and blossom. In the little sharp hollows leading into the valley on all sides were cool, dark bowers of birch and oak with clematis falling in flowering cascades from the branches and a carpet of rank-growing grass and flowers through which trickled little pebbly bottomed streamlets. On the more open stretches of the valley floor were fields of pea-vines and meadows of red-top and timothy hedged about with thickets and irregular walls and fences of wild roses. These were now in full bloom, and the billowing pink stretched in glorious freshness and grace far up the valley to blend in the distance with the equally gorgeous pink of the Pink cliffs to the north, and down the valley to where the walls of white sandstone narrowed to form Deer Spring gap.

It was a fresh delight, every morning, to waken to the peaceful, contented bleat of the ewes and lambs, the tinkle of the bells that spoke of quiet browsing, and the full chorus of the birds that

sang from every thicket. No more did he have to hustle out at day-break and get around a wandering, discontented herd. So rich was the feed that they would not travel at all. There was nothing to do but watch for coyotes and cats, with once in awhile a trip around all the tracks to see that no little bunch had managed to stray off and get lost.

"And I get real money for enjoying all this," he marvelled. "The good old Uncle is paying me hard coin for taking the vacation of my life. Oh, well; I earned it all while we were shearing and lambing. 'You little bird that somewhere yonder sings 'In the dim hour 'twixt dreams and dawn—' I'll bet that poet was a sheep herder and was camped right here when he got that great stuff off. I know he was: I can hear the very same bird. 'I think you must be more than bird—' and that's the eternal truth. Whether that bird knows it or not, it's certainly singing an angel song. But I'm going fishing to-day. Time to arise."

Breakfast over, and a light lunch prepared, Harvey got out the fishing tackle which all sheep camps in that region kept on hand, took up the camp rifle and with the faithful and intelligent camp dog "Jeff," at his heels set off up the valley toward the Pink cliffs. He finally decided to leave the valley floor and follow up a ridge. There was no getting through the rank thickets and tangles of shubbery. The ridge proved more open and he finally came upon a trail that led him up the crest of the ridge to the break in the Pink ledges through which he had been told he must climb. Here he found a half-mile of stiff climbing, then he was on top of the wonderful Pink cliffs through which is cut, less than ten miles away from where Harvey stood, the tinted tracery of Bryce's canyon. With the enthusiasm of the climber, he sought the highest point. Here the glories of the panorama held him long. To the south, terrace after terrace dropped away toward the distant Colorado. In the middle distance lay the blue Kaibab, the wonderful "sleeping mountain," as the Indians had named it. Far off to the southeast, almost the width of a state away, a purple peak stood out from the translucent lavenders and heliotropes of the Painted desert. This he had been told was Navajo mountain, standing apart in a land where few white men had been allowed to explore. Between himself and that mighty desert dweller, he knew there lay a land of deep box canyons, of ruins of rude homes built before history's dawn, of natural bridges, of petrified forests, of rivers that ran on sands of gold, and of outlaws whose names were the terror of more states than one.

Looking westward he could see the sharp outlines, ethereal in the morning sunshine, of the cliffs of Little Zion. Back of him, the forest cover lay dark and cool and inviting. He was now over the divide that separates the Great Basin from the Colorado river basin. A half-mile walk brought him to the stream for which he had made



the climb, and to a day of fishing where the problem was to keep from taking to camp more than he could eat before they should spoil.

All the way down the ridge on his homeward trip from the day's fishing, Harvey kept repeating to himself, "—the end of a perfect day." He would hold up his string of speckled beauties and study them with deep satisfaction as he remembered the fight they had put up. He would gaze off into space, or contemplate the peaceful prospect with an equal satisfaction.

"Yes," he said again to himself, with a final conviction, "this is truly the end of a perfect day. I had heard of them. Now I know what they are like."

Just then "Jeff," the dog, stopped suddenly from his inquisitive sniffing of the trail to give a deep growl, followed by a whimper of fear. His bristles stood on end. After seemingly studying the little thicket in the deep hollow below them with deep anxiety, he circled about Harvey uneasily, whining his dread to his master.

Harvey with a stiffening of the backbone that corresponded to the raising of Jeff's bristles, threw his rifle to position for use and cautiously worked his way down the steep slope into the hollow.

Among the birch of the hollow stood one great oak with far-spread branches and dense foliage. It was dark in there, and a little gurgling streamlet seemed to be telling some weird gossip in a confidential undertone. There was real awe in Harvey's breathless and soundless invasion of the dark depths. There was a real thrill of terror in the start he gave when his peering eyes finally made out some black form beneath the great tree. With steady nerves, but with a slight crinkling of the scalp and back, he held his eyes on the black outline and began a slow, alert advance. It proved to be merely a fresh-killed black mustang. But the manner in which he had met his death, as Harvey studied it out, gave the boy cause for serious thought. It was evident that some animal which, from the tracks, Harvey decided was a mountain lion, had dropped on the back of the black mustang from the limb of the oak tree. There were the marks of a terrific struggle on the brush and weeds of the thicket. The horse's throat had been eaten into right up to the bones of the neck. Harvey couldn't help wondering what would have happened if he, instead of the horse, had been the one to come under that oak limb. The thought cast a slight chill on the day he had called perfect. Another thought no more pleasant came to him. That lion would be certain to get into the herd. The damage it would do would be fearful. He had been told of such cases, where sheep had been killed by the hundred by one lion at one time. They kill as the cat plays with the mouse, just for the fun of it. He tried to track the big beast, but could not in the grass and weeds. So he went on to camp with a sober resolution to be more watchful of the herd and to be ready for the lion when it should come. There had come a slight cloud over the sun,

and the lone boy felt that all the joy had gone out of what he had been calling a perfect day. Perhaps, after all, there are no perfect days. He had no desire for the supper of fried fish on which he had been doting while the day seemed perfect. So he went around the tracks of the herd carefully, gathered some wood for the morning, gave the rifle a careful and wholly superfluous cleaning and oiling, tested the sights and his aim with special care and great seriousness, and finally built up a fire and tried to read. But the old magazine didn't have its usual interest for him, and he finally went to bed. Here he lay and pictured the lion in his herd, and his job of shooting him.

Harvey had never seen a mountain lion, and those who had told him of them had naturally tried to add to the interest of their stories by making them as near hair-raising as possible. He had been used to a gun all his life; but only the past few months had been shooting a heavy rifle. He wondered if he could keep his nerves steady. Wondering if he could keep his nerves steady. Wondering he went off to sleep, the deep slumber of active life in the open air.

It was only the grey dawn when a gust of bleating ewes and lambs and jangling of bells awakened him. The lion! Something was stampeding the herd. It could be nothing else. He slipped into his overalls, pulled on his heavy shoes, hurriedly wrapped the laces around his ankles and tied them, not stopping to do any lacing, grabbed the rifle and ran for the bed ground. As he ran he threw a cartridge from the rifle magazine into the firing chamber. Then through nervousness he worked the lever again, throwing that cartridge out and another in.

"That won't do," he thought, and he tried to get better control of himself. The bed-ground was fed off and he could see the lion. It seemed merely to be playing with the sheep. But coming closer, he could see the nature of the play. With a kittenish leap, the beast would pounce on a ewe or lamb, throw it down, eat its way with savage little throaty growls into the sheep's throat, chewing and growling as long as the victim struggled, then when the sheep went limp, leaving it for another..

This was what Harvey must stop. He must save every possible sheep. He began yelling as he ran, and the terrified Jeff, still whimpering on the bed in camp, answered with a mournful howl. At this the lion paused to look and listen. As it straightened up to a listening attitude, Harvey's heart skipped a beat to see how tall it stood and what a figure of power it was standing there in the dawn.

"Now, while he is still, is my chance," he thought, and put his rifle to his shoulder for a careful aim at the full breast. Where the dark sides shaded to yellow, and then to a light cream in the middle of the breast, he tried to hold his sights. The animal appeared not the least afraid—only curious as to the strange visitor and his strange actions. He seemed almost friendly standing there

gently swinging his long tail. It was only by remembering the bleeding sheep and the mutilated mustang that Harvey could bring himself to pull the trigger. With a final tightening of his muscles on the rifle, he fired.

The big beast made not a sound. There was a sudden, surprised spring almost straight into the air, a frenzied biting at its breast as it whirled round and round, then a wild, blind dash right toward Harvey, and the animal dropped in a limp heap.

Harvey watched it nervously for a time. He wouldn't shoot again for fear of spoiling the hide. Finally he edged closer, jabbed the limp carcass tentatively with the rifle, and knew for a certainty that it was dead.

"And one shot did it," he thought with pride as he measured the distance from where he had stood to where the lion had been standing. He found it had been two hundred yards. Then his thought was to measure the animal. By stepping carefully he decided it measured about twelve feet from nose to tip of tail. This he afterwards found was not far out. Forgetting the fish he had planned to fry for breakfast he rounded up the wandering sheep, held them until they quieted, then proceeded with a vast satisfaction to skin his first lion.

"A perfect day," he mumbled to himself with a chuckle, "now I do know what they mean when they boast of a perfect day."

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### The Laggard's Lament

The sun is setting now behind the ocean far away,  
And I am taking notes of what I haven't done today.  
I haven't cheered a lonely heart nor raised my voice above,  
To sing aloud with joy and praise the glories of God's love.

I haven't visited the sick, nor set the captive free,  
Nor have I brought a soul to Christ where all the ransomed be,  
Nor entered in my memory book the name of a dear friend,  
To whom in sorrow, pain or grief, some comfort I should send.

I haven't cheered one lonely soul, nor helped him bear his load,  
As up the steep, steep hill of life he tottered on the road.  
I haven't set the sinner free, nor brought him to the Lord,  
Though I could give him courage by a single, cheerful word.

And so my heart is heavy, my own great cross I feel,  
I faint beneath my own great load as now in prayer I kneel.  
How can I consciously ask the Lord to help me through,  
When I refuse to help a soul to find his Savior true.

O give me back those blessed days when I soothed a heart bowed down,  
I helped a neighbor bear his cross that I might wear a crown.  
There is reward for our good deeds, as we pass life's road along,  
And virtue is its own reward, 'tis glory to be strong.

*Oakland, California.*

ANNIE G. LAURITZEN.

## A BATHROBE ESCAPADE

BY GLEN PERRINS

When I hurriedly entered the living-room late one Sunday morning attired in a bathrobe, and to my surprise and dismay encountered two of mother's friends, I thought the embarrassing experience would cure me of my careless habit of appearing around the house "half dressed." But it didn't. My robe *de nuit* escapade, however, did.

"Jimmy," called my mother, "please get up and take your father to work in the car. It's too early for a trolley, and he's too tired to walk the ten blocks to the factory."

"Coming mother," I yelled down the stairs. Then I yawned, stretched and reached for my bathrobe and shoes. Something seemed to tell me that I ought to get fully dressed, but my "bathrobe habit" got the best of me,— I quieted the small voice inside me and hurriedly stomped down stairs.

"Jim!" mother fairly shouted at me, as I opened the door. "You come right back here and get dressed!"

But I was too near the garage and father was impatiently waiting.

"Don't worry, Mom," I answered hurriedly, "no one'll see me at this early hour." And then, as she turned, sort of out-of-patience with me, I called, "I'm in a closed car, too. Nobody will ever know the difference.—I'll be right back."

The sputtering of an unmuffled automobile drowned out the rest of mother's objections. Father and I sped down the muddy road.

I soon made the trip to the factory—the motor hummed along and things went nicely.

"So long, Daddy," I said, "don't work too hard today."

"Good-bye," he answered shutting the automobile door, "tell Mother I'll be home early."

"Okay," I cried, giving the steering wheel a half turn. I was bound for home and a couple of hours sleep before I did "the daily grind."

Then the engine began to sputter and "back-fire." "It must be the sultry weather's fault," I thought to myself as I pulled out the "choker." It might have been, for it was starting to rain, but then again it might not,—the car began jerking and jumping down the avenue. Then on Main street, in the middle of town, with a sort of sob, the engine died. Out of gas!

Then it rained!

"Nice predicament," I muttered. "Stalled on Main street with



the nearest service station at least a half mile away.—And me in a bathrobe!"

People were beginning to appear on the streets, not a few of them were girls. Just across the street were some standing under dripping umbrellas waiting for the first car.

"Captain John Smith never had to run a gauntlet like the one I'm about to stage," I said to myself, as I tightened my checkered bathrobe about my body. I still hesitated to venture forth, however. I sat still trying to find a way out; an embarrassing moment-solution, as it were.

Suddenly I had a bright idea. I had a school penant in the back seat. Reaching quickly for it, I splashed boldly into the street armed with the colors.

Of course, I was greeted with loud guffaws from the men and hearty handkerchief-covered snickers from some of the girls. Everyone was staring, but they seemed to understand. Many were sympathetic. One girl (I shall always like her) said some of the fraternity initiations were "simply terrible," and that the dean ought to punish them—"why, he might catch his death of cold."

But I didn't. I managed to get a gallon of gas and to conceal it beneath my bathrobe until I got to the "thirsty" automobile. Then, after a few eager sputters I sped home. What I did catch, however, was a cure for gettin only "half dressed." Today, when I leave the house, I am fully clad. I think that after this, my most embarrassing experience, I shall always do so, even though there be a fire.

And, I hate bathrobes!

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## The Mountains

The mountains rise high in their splendor,  
Projecting far into the blue,  
With crags and large stratas of ore,  
Green verdure, and pure water, too,

The spell of the vast, wooded ranges  
Lies over the forest and dale;  
Like a blessing of love to the granges,  
From angels beyond the veil.

The mists now have vanished, and sunshine  
Is flooding the stillness of dawn;  
The sentinel's cry of the night time  
Has faded away and gone.

Oh! What is so great as God's glory  
Displayed to the sight of man;  
As the mountains unfolding their story  
To those who will list' to God's plan?

*Monroe, Utah.*

WESTON N. NORDGRAN.

# THE ETHICS OF SPORT

BY JNO. J. TIGERT, U. S. COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

[At the Recreation Congress recently held at Cleveland, Ohio, the following address was made by Commissioner of Education John J. Tigert. At the request of Executive Director Oscar A. Kirkham, a copy of the address has been furnished the *Improvement Era* with permission to publish. We commend the Commissioner's message to the students and friends of our colleges and high schools.—*Editors.*]

Sports of all kinds have proved beneficial to man for centuries and there is no one who challenges the admiration more than a true sportsman.

Since the days when the Greeks held their Olympic games and deified the victors with the crown of wild olive, no people have rendered such homage to manly contests of physical prowess as the American people; since the time of those memorable festivals at Olympia, perhaps there has never been a type of manhood which so nearly approached the Greek ideal of physical perfection as the American college athlete. And yet there is much in our sports, particularly in college athletics, which lends itself to adverse criticism. So much so that many thoughtful men in our colleges severely condemn inter-collegiate athletics, as now conducted. After years of experience with school and college athletics, both as participant and as an enthusiastic supporter, my mature conviction is that the value of sports in our colleges is problematical.

In the first instance, it is well to remind ourselves that the physical gain that comes from these strenuous contests, accompanied as they are with intense excitement, is often grossly exaggerated and it is recognized by experts that some forms of sport have actually been physically injurious. Many of our colleges have abandoned rowing on this account. The greatest benefits which come from these contests, if they come at all, to the players and spectators alike, are the implanting or strengthening of moral qualities or habits which are useful in the course of human life. Many sports are thought to breed only immoral habits and traits of mind, such as dishonesty, contempt, scorn, ridicule, cursing, gambling and immorality in its most disgusting forms. There is no one who can deny that, as our sports have been conducted, many of these evils have arisen in connection with them, but we believe that college athletics may be put on such a basis that these things can be eliminated and thereby become entirely a source from which spring honor, integrity, admiration, praise, clean speech, strong bodies and pure minds.

Of the evils mentioned perhaps there is none which has injured true sport so much as the pernicious practice of betting on contests.

It was this which banished horse-racing, once the finest of sports, from the confines of most of our states. Betting was largely responsible for the downfall of the boxing game which undoubtedly can be carried on in a way that is helpful. Thoughtless wagering is a menace to good sport in many of our colleges today. No boy, who has the slightest instincts of true sportsmanship, would lay a wager on a contest in which his fellow students were competing or would want to compete in such a contest, thus lowering them or himself to the level of the cock in the cock-pit or the horse on the race course, besides forming the infamous habit of reckless gambling.

There is no place in the college life where a larger opportunity is offered for the exhibition of honor or dishonor than in athletic contests. Here the athlete is put into the crucible and he will emerge either as a despicable fraud and a cheat or filled with the very noblest sentiments of honor and integrity. The motive for unfairness in our sports is undoubtedly a mistaken but overwhelming belief that we must win, entertained by players and spectators alike. No one, who has any respect for himself or his opponent, would ever enter any kind of a contest without the idea of doing his best to win, but every true sportsman will remember that the true end of good sport is not the winning of the game, but the fostering of those highest qualities of manhood which are incident to the playing of the game. The question is not so much whether you win or lose, but how you play the game. It is because of their matchless qualities of honor, chivalry, and fairness that the knights of the middle ages so much challenged our admiration. What boy today would read a book whose hero practiced such a code of honor as some practice in our sports today? *Ivanhoe* is a book dear to the heart of every boy. I recall the incident when *Ivanhoe*, after defeating several knights in succession, finally found himself facing in the lists his most dangerous antagonist—the young and valiant knight DeGrautmesnil. As their horses came careering upon each other, the noble *Ivanhoe* saw that his opponent had lost control of his impetuous steed and rather than take any advantage of so redoubtable an antagonist, he lowered his lance and passed him by rather than unhorse him. This act so unnerved DeGrautmesnil that he was easily vanquished by the magnanimous *Ivanhoe*.

Is there any reason why the same spirit which swayed *Ivanhoe* and other true knights should not characterize our sports today? Let us strive to vanquish our antagonist by our generosity rather than by seeking to overcome him by some trick transgression of the rules, or foul play. Let the spectators and players praise and applaud rather than scorn or ridicule the visiting team. Nothing could be more shocking to the sense of true sportsmanship than a practice, all too common, of jeering at visiting players when injured in football games, calling them "yellow," etc. The practice in some places of mocking and endeavoring to rattle basketball players while making free throws

is not only contrary to the rules but shameful. Spectators should remain silent or, if they must make a demonstration, let it be in the nature of a plaudit and let the plaudits be rendered to the visitors as well as to the home team. Spectators who will not do this are not worthy to be spectators.

Above all things, all the rules of the game should be rigidly enforced. If you cannot observe the rules of the game, by all means do not play. Spectators and players should allow the interpretation and enforcement of the rules of the game to the properly constituted officials. If the spectators find that they have an irrepressible desire to express themselves, let them commend and assist the officials rather than criticize and obstruct. If any rules are necessarily dispensed with, such dispensation should apply alike to both teams.

When you are defeated, it is poor sportsmanship to attribute your defeat to some chance circumstance or to some disadvantage under which you were laboring. Some teams always have an "alibi" (in athletic vernacular). The best sportsman will never fail to congratulate his competitors, whether victorious or defeated. When we have won a victory, let us try not to display our exultation and joy to those we have vanquished, but rather let us endeavor to show sympathy and render what encouragement we can. Let us not "crow" over our defeated opponents nor "brag" over our victories. \* \* \*

"To brag little; to show well; to crow gently if in luck—to pay up, to own up, and to show up, if beaten, are the virtues or the sporting man."

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## The Angel's Prayer

How dear we must be to those angels of light,  
Who hover so near us by day and by night.

How dear are those angels, their true love so deep,  
They share with our sorrow, and weep when we weep.

When they see our cross is so heavy to bear,  
And they see some burdens they have no right to share.

They go to the Father, for us intercede,  
That he in his mercy will grant what we need.

To lighten our burdens enough, when it's best,  
Give renewal of courage to go on with the rest.

Through his love for the angels their sorrows to spare,  
He goes right at work to answer their prayer.

Lift up your eyes, ye that are weary,  
Be joyful, be faithful, be true.  
The angels who love you so dearly  
Are pleading and praying for you.

Vancouver, B. C.

E. L. SPRING.



# THE ROYAL ROAD TO HAPPINESS

BY ELDER STEPHEN L. RICHARDS, OF THE COUNCIL  
OF THE TWELVE

[Each Sunday evening at 9 o'clock, a 25-minute sermon, with song and music, lasting about an hour, constitute the radio program at station K F P T, Salt Lake City, Utah, as explained and illustrated in this number of the *Era*, by Earl J. Glade. The following sermon was delivered on Sunday evening, Dec. 14. Hundreds sat in their homes in Salt Lake City, as doubtless they did in other cities and places miles away, and listened to the clear voice and intelligent presentation of a few fundamentals of "Mormonism," by Elder Richards. Those not so privileged will surely be entertained and instructed by reading.—*Editors.*]

*Ladies and Gentlemen: Friends of an Invisible Audience:*

I know of no better way to greet you than to use the customary salutation of the Englishman calling over the telephone, "Are you there?"

In a certain sense, it seems entirely fitting that a talk over the radio should be given on the Sabbath day, because it surely requires the exercise of the religious principle of faith to believe that one is addressing a body of listeners. It is an experience that tends to enhance one's appreciation of his eyes.

Now, I have no difficulty whatever in imagining the presence of Prof. Lund who stands before me. I can assure you that he and his singers make a substantial body of listeners even if others are not in the audience.

Assuming, however, that many are "listening in" on these proceedings and that you are set to hear some of the religious views entertained by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I hope you will indulge me with a consideration of a brief discussion of some principles of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, as I have come to see them and know them. You will not offend me if you sleep a little or move about or even speak disapprovingly of that which you may hear. I cannot see you nor hear you. You see, this method of preaching has its advantages even to the speaker!

We interpret the gospel in terms of life and living. We do not look upon it in any sense as an aggregation of theoretical abstraction set up to be debated about and made the subject of contention or even admiration. We regard it as a program for the activities of life—a criterion by which relative values in life may be adequately determined—the power of God unto salvation, here and hereafter. Because of this intensely practical interpretation, we have been charged with being materialistic in our conceptions and practices. Our critics, I am sure, fail to get our true viewpoint. We are materialistic only in the sense that we regard personality and all matter as resultant

from the creative genius of God and as subject to the body of law and principle embraced within the gospel of our Lord and Master. The story and philosophy of life as set forth in the ancient scriptures and amplified by and through modern scripture and revelation we accept. We accept it as a body of light and truth, giving us knowledge of the past and future and of our relationship to God, man, and things, but its real vitality to us lies in the application of its saving principles to your life and to mine. In such a conception we find no difficulty in discovering a program for every aspect of living. Indeed, with us the gospel fulfils the whole circle of human requirements in such manner as to insure success, joy, and salvation. May we consider a few of the fundamentals.

It provides a law of health, and surely men everywhere will agree that health is essential to happiness. This law of health is based, primarily, on a conception of the status of the human body which is probably peculiar to ourselves and our theology. We regard the body of man as a tabernacle of flesh wherein is housed the spirit of man which is the literal offspring of the Father. The body is given of God, as the spirit is, at least in the sense that he has made provision for it, and apparently so highly regarded it as to cause it to be created in his own image. To one who so regards the body, it takes on a religious or spiritual significance. It becomes no longer a mere thing of clay. It is the repository, at least during mortality, of life itself, the greatest gift of God to man. No man, therefore, with impunity may misuse or abuse it. Any violation of the organic laws which control it will be visited, not only with the direct penalty which is expressed in terms of bodily disorder and suffering, but also with unnatural spiritual reaction which may often be more hurtful to a true state of health than mere physical discomfiture. Remember, please, that I am speaking of one who entertains the conception of the body which I have mentioned. Such a person cannot knowingly injure his body without offering effront to God who gave it to him. His body is sacred to him, and he has a sacred obligation to protect and preserve it, for the fulfilment of the purposes of his life.

We believe that the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, foresaw that the great temptations to men would be those of the flesh, and to fortify them in their struggle to resist these temptations he made it possible for the spirit to have dominion and control over the body, so that the training and education of the spirit and intelligence of man must contribute to the health and well-being of his body.

We are aware, of course, that much has been written and said on the inter-relationship and inter-dependence of body, mind, and spirit, and it is far from our purpose here to enter into any discussion of such abstruse subjects. I hope, however, that enough has been said to indicate why it is that our Church places such great emphasis

upon the law of health, and that very important commandment which has been so widely expounded and so ardently advocated throughout the whole history of the Church, commonly known as the Word of Wisdom. Time will not permit an analysis of that revelation, given to Joseph Smith now nearly a century ago, but I do not hesitate to make the statement, without fear of successful contradiction, that all of its provisions its injunctions and its teachings, have now found sanction and corroboration in investigations and discoveries of science and in the experiences of the race. I hope that enough has been said to give to you some idea of the earnestness and sincerity of the endeavor of the Church throughout these many years to induce men and women to refrain from taking into their organic systems the poisons and unhealthful ingredients of tobacco, alcohol, tea, coffee and other deleterious concoctions. We urge boys and men not to smoke, not only because of well known and thoroughly proved injurious consequences to their brains and bodies, but also because we have learned through long observation that when boys begin to smoke they cease to pray and soon become estranged from those wholesome, helpful influences and contacts so essential to the development of power and the realization of the finer objectives of life. That the health of the world is inseparably associated with the spiritualization of humanity we entertain no doubt. If Joseph Smith had made no contribution other than the Word of Wisdom, his mission in the world and that of the Church he was instrumental in establishing would have been fully justified.

He did make other and very valuable contributions. Those contributions were largely in the form of interpretations and applications of principles. The principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ were in the earth before his coming. They had been set down, in part at least, in the scriptures, and it remained for the prophet of these latter days, through inspiration and revelation, to make the principles of the gospel vital to men.

Our conception of the relationships of men we derived from this inspired source as part and parcel of the gospel of Jesus Christ. These relationships, involving as they do the institutions of government, society, business, and the home, are surely vital to the happiness and welfare of man. Perhaps our teaching of the gospel has not brought forward much that is new, but it has served to vitalize, and make real fundamental, principles which the Savior taught and exemplified in his living during his ministry among mankind. This, at least, has been the case among a substantial number of people who have accepted these interpretations and attempted to live them for a period now covering nearly a century.

We believe literally in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. We believe, too, that man should be treated like a brother and act like a son. If the human family is a family,

family ties and family obligations should control. They involve respect and love for father and for brother. We lay this simple doctrine, so persistently and forcefully taught by the Master, at the base of all proper human relationships. Respect and reverence for God the Father, conscious recognition of his authority, his love and his mercy, are essential and indeed indispensable, in our thinking, to that attitude and psychology which may be relied upon to respect law and governmental authority and to yield obedience thereto. From the inception of the Church its members have been taught and urged to respect the governmental authority under which they live and obey the laws of country. The obligations so imposed upon them have been sacred in character, and particularly in America, because the leaders of the Church have always maintained and the people have accepted the doctrine that the Lord in his providence caused the founders of this great government to receive inspiration for the establishment of its righteous institutions as set forth in our constitution. It is to us a Christian nation where Christian righteousness must and will prevail. Loyalty to country is part of our creed. If such conceptions of government were entertained by all of the citizens, may I ask, would it be difficult to enforce the law? Would our institutions be endangered? Is such an interpretation of religious belief or principle in any way inimical to the best interests of society? Is it not, on the other hand, such an attitude toward country, law, and social institution that we must have in men to insure harmonious living in the great group of society that inhabit the earth?

Some critics of the Christian doctrine as applied in solution of the problems of humanity, say that it is superficial; that it fails to take into consideration the natural instincts and tendencies of the race, and that it is unscientific and unsound. They say that men are born to contention, rivalry and warfare, and that it is instinctive in man to kill his brother to accomplish his own survival. They say it, but have they proved it? Are we not justified, from the observations of history and from our own observations limited as they are in time and extent, in believing that it is possible for men to live together in peace, and that when they so live they are happy? Of course, if we are not logically justified in reaching this conclusion it would seem futile to search for any plan to govern human relationship, since those relations must need result, from native, inherent tendencies, in hatred, discord and killing.

Now I am not pessimistic enough to point out such a dismal prospect for the race. We are taught that man is that he might have joy, and while we are not unmindful of the effect of blood strain and inherited tendencies, we are optimistic and hopeful enough to believe that man may eventually master himself, his appetites, his passions and his weaknesses. For this great achievement, and it will be his greatest achievement, he must have help. We are convinced



that that help lies in the gospel plan, and is freely available to every man who will receive it.

Some say, too, that Christianity has been tried as a remedy for human ills and has failed. That statement we flatly contradict, although, we are aware that our contradiction may give offense to some. We construe Christianity to embrace the principles of life and conduct, taught and practiced by the Savior during his ministry among men. We find a pronounced difference between those principles and certain doctrines and practices set out and established by men, long subsequent to Christ's ministry, based upon an interpretation of his teachings and work which we regard to be wholly unwarranted. We are obliged to admit with the critic of so-called Christianity that no inconsiderable part of the misery and suffering of humanity in the last two thousand years has been occasioned by perverted notions of those who have professed to be followers of the Savior. After making such an admission it is not at all unlikely that the critic of Christianity and its methods shall ask of us, what assurance have we that your interpretation of Christ's message and your establishment and maintenance of his Church shall vary in result from former experiences? Our best answer to that question, it seems to me, is that for now nearly a hundred years the result of the work of the Church and the message it has proclaimed has been at variance with those results heretofore obtained in the Christian churches, at least in large measure. I recognize that that statement legitimately calls for the submission of proof, and I regret that this occasion does not afford opportunity to go into some detail to furnish that proof. I must content myself with the submission of some questions which may serve in their answers to furnish some of the proofs desired. Will those of you who know us—surely no others are qualified to answer—please speak? Do you know of a people who, as a people, over a century of time, have been freer from internal contention? And, conversely, do you know of a people who have been more loyal to their leaders, their institutions and one another? Do you know of a people more sincere and earnest in their religious convictions, who more nearly live to their professions and who make greater and more willing sacrifices for the faith within them? Do you know of a people who do more in proportion to their means and ability to disseminate among others the message in which they believe? Have you ever heard of anything comparable to our missionary system? Do you know of any people who have more nearly reduced their religious belief to temporal practices by way of community cooperation, mutual aid, and social advantage? Have you in mind any religious group who have been more successful in colonizing a new country and developing its resources? Do you know of any people more devoted to country and more loyal to the institutions of government? Do you know of any

people who have made better provision for the educational, spiritual, and temporal needs of its members? Does not the reputation of the members of our Church for business integrity, dependability, industry and thrift compare favorably with any other group? The next question, I repeat, is only to those who know us. Do you know any people on the earth whose young men in particular and whose membership generally are as virtuous, free from immoral and unrighteous practices, as clean minded and as wholesome?

I do not know how you will answer these questions. It is my belief, however, that those who do not belong to our Church, who have lived among us, who have been neighbors to us, and who have dealt with us and know our manner of living, if they will speak without prejudice, the facts as they have found them, will furnish the proof for the assertion I have ventured to make, namely, that the gospel we teach and try to live differs from the Christianity professed and practiced in the civilized world for several hundred years preceding the advent of "Mormonism."

We maintain that Christianity has not failed, because it has never been tried. We have an abiding conviction that it will successfully regulate and govern the affairs and relationships of men, if it can be applied to them. It is gratifying to note that there is an increasing tendency on the part of men engaged in business and other pursuits, outside the Church, to recognize the vitality of Christian principles in all commercial and social relationships. They do not always call it by its right name. Sometimes, it seems to me, there is an aparent, almost a studied, effort to conceal the true authorship of the principles involved. It is spoken of as the spirit of service, a square deal, the golden rule of business, etc. If men were at all frank, they would not hesitate to call it what it is, the Spirit of Christ and his teachings. It is founded upon the principle of the brotherhood of man. It contemplates unselfish devotion to the interests of others, the losing of one's life for others, that in the end he may gain it. Wise business men everywhere and students of society proclaim it indispensable for the achievement of the highest ideals in industry and civilization. The principle is just as applicable to nations and peoples as to individuals. A large portion of the disorders and troubles of the world arise from the fact that collective selfishness and hatred are not regarded to be as reprehensible as the same qualities expressed by one individual. Let us hope that some progress is being made in the spiritualization of the world and in the acceptance of Christian principle as a working basis for the solution of its problems.

In discussing the application of the principles of the gospel to the affairs of men one institution of society must come in for special mention. That institution is the home. If there is one place on earth where Christian virtue is more needed than in any other, it is in

the home. The home is and must always continue to be the greatest single conservator of righteousness. It sets the ideals and standards for the nation. Its influence permeates every phase of human activity, and the biologists will tell you, and truly, too, that it determines, almost entirely, the very trend of civilization. It is needless and inopportune here to point out the necessity for Christian virtues in the home and home life. I shall merely make a statement which embodies an appeal. It is this: Parents who teach their children and train them in the true principles of Christianity, bringing them to a knowledge of Jesus Christ as Friend, Brother and Savior, are the greatest assets of the nation and the world today, because there will go forth from their homes and from their homes only, men and women who will have in their hearts the love of humanity and the vision to do the world's work and elevate the race to the achievement of its high and glorious destiny. I do not mean to say that there are not good homes which are not Christian, but I do firmly believe that the world is dependent upon the Christian home to supply the Spirit of Christ which must save the world.

I should like much to pursue this engaging subject. It is a favorite theme with me, but time forbids.

I desire to bring to your attention but one additional item. It is our conviction that the spirit and principles of the Savior will not be and cannot be widely accepted and made applicable in the affairs of life without a recognition and acceptance of God the Father as the supreme Ruler of the universe and also his divine Son, Jesus Christ, as the Savior and Redeemer of mankind, together with the authority and power which they have conferred upon men to establish and maintain the Church of Christ and administer the ordinances of his holy gospel. The acceptance of a part of the truths of the gospel may be helpful in the affairs of men, but nothing short of the whole truth will make men free. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been endowed with the whole truth and with Christ's power to save the souls of men. The truth and that power are essential to the joy and exaltation of man. I realize that it seems a presumptuous thing to make the statement that our institution is the sole repository on earth of this precious truth and power. We do not make it boastfully or arrogantly; we assert it only because we are commanded so to do and because we can in no other way discharge our duty to men in pointing out to them where they may find the truth and salvation. Our one great desire in this work is to be of service to our fellowmen. We can perform no service for them comparable to that of bringing into their hearts and souls a conviction of the divinity of the gospel of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. It is the pearl of great price. It is the royal road to happiness. It is the Master Work of the ages. It means life in its fullness and exaltation. God grant that the hearts of men may be responsive to its appeal. Amen.

## A SKETCH OF JUNE

BY J. V. TASSENBROCK

It was a typical sight, those fifty or sixty people, as I watched them from my concealed position on the mountain side. They passed over the main road through City Creek canyon. Mostly young people and a few old or middle aged. They had come to spend the holiday in close touch with nature. I watched them with great interest and smiles. I even laughed. Not in scorn, for I loved them. They were still my people. All these fifty or sixty people nearly without exception had immigrated from the "old country" within the last six years. Some had been here only a few months or a year. But interesting they were.

After walking a mile or so I passed the cross-roads, climbed behind a cluster of trees on the mountainside to finish the drawing of a sketch. Just as I was seated the music of an accordion reached my ear.

Guessing its origin, I looked towards the road where I could see anyone pass by without being seen.

First there came a horse and buggy with as many as it would hold, which is four persons. Then a large wagon, pulled by a big, white horse. People walking all around. Inside some of the older folks, the musician and all the good things to eat, besides a box of oranges which the owner with a business mind had decided to sell against reasonable price. Then the rest of the joy seekers. Some girls in khaki dress and boys' caps; others in middy blouse and black bloomers (their exclusive canyon apparel). Several dressed in old dresses such as had been saved from days gone by. Various colors; blue-grey, red, white, etc. There were men who wore clean looking suits and collars, but many had only donned old shirts and overalls. And all these went their way peacefully conversing mostly in their own language. Not all felt that they could speak the American language and yet feel comfortable on an outing. But happy they were on this beautiful day, enjoying the splendor of God's mountains. Truly with "none to hurt nor make afraid." These men and women, boys and girls were only a few of thousands who had gone and are going through the hardships of immigration under difficult conditions, and many leaving loved ones whom they do not expect to see anymore in this world. All these struggle for years with a new language and new habits. Why do they do it? Have they come to these mountain valleys because this is a great industrial center where money and riches are easily obtainable for anyone? Not so. They have come to serve their God according to the dictates of their own consciences. To live their religion more fully. The same reason for which thousands have come



to this western continent for ages past. Does it pay? To some few, it seems that it does not. But those who live according to the purpose for which they came here feel that they will be rewarded in years and generations to come. Not all stand the test; some fall by the wayside. But let us remember to love our neighbor and to have charity like our Savior taught us by precept and example.

Many a soul was saved and will be saved through some influential brother or sister extending their aid in a critical or helpless moment. Many a soul went their way rejoicing because some one of whom they thought much had given them a kind word or hearty greeting. A kind word is never wasted. There are moments when a special effort would do us no harm, even if results are not readily observed. One of my friends once said to me, speaking of a young man whom we both knew: "I have always gone out of my way to be kind to that boy, because he spoke such a broken language." And for saying this, I love her more.

These thoughts and more crowded my mind while I rested on the mountainside, with the rushing waters playing their fascinating music below.

Then I arose, and after a refreshing walk joined the company of which I have spoken, for I had friends among them. They enjoyed themselves, peacefully playing innocent and wholesome games and laughing at "stunts."

I returned on my way home much sooner than they left, but in my weak way, my heart sang praises to God for all that is beautiful and true and good, and such familiar hymns as, "We thank thee, O God, for a prophet," and my favorite, "O, ye mountains high," will never grow old to me.

*Salt Lake City.*

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## Dear Friend of Mine

The phonograph is playing, just across the way;  
'Tis Sunday afternoon, the neighbors all seem gay.  
It makes me wish that I could call on you today,  
Dear friend, down at your house, in the home-town far away.

Ah, it was so delightful, Carl, dear Friend of mine.  
In those lost days, whose glories years shall but refine.  
When we filed down the narrow path, across the lea,  
From church on Sunday afternoon, just "you and me."

The purpling lucern waved in breezy summer air,  
The copse along the fence was starred with roses fair.  
A martin sang, then made one circle over head  
And flew to her young fledgelings in the old cow-shed.

We talked of crops and I was glad to hear you say,  
"This week I'm laying off to cut and haul my hay."  
I'd like if you could help, providin' it don't storm."  
Somehow, I like to "hay" on your three-acre farm.

And as we neared the house, just where the clover spread,  
The pesky clothes line shaved the hat from off my head:  
You smiled. I see you now, framed in the kitchen door,  
As then—a picture mem'ry holds forevermore.

How pleasant was the room where we spent golden hours,  
With tapestries and rugs, and wealth of window flowers;  
Where played the Edison, that stood beside the door;  
O, how I loved to hear those dear, sweet songs of yore.

Delicious were the jam and frosted currant cake,  
The root-beer and the cheese your mother used to make,  
And spread upon the board, with linen clean and white,  
For us, before we went to meeting Sunday night.

Each morn I saw you pass along the village street  
To do your master's work with disposition sweet;  
At eight you trudged along the fallow on the hill;  
At dusk your feet were sore but you were cheerful still.

And when we pruned the trees around the public square,  
You were first to volunteer your service there.  
You helped to fence and build each graveled walk and way.  
Ah, many are the lips that praise your name today!

Ah, dear old friend, when I had heard from home today,  
My throat swelled at the news, I wiped a tear away!  
They said, "One afternoon, before the evening show,  
Some men had gathered at the Town Hall, topped with snow,

To shovel off the pond'rous weight which seemed to spread  
The settling roof. "Carl was the first to climb," they said,  
(I knew you'd be the first) "and when he reached the snow,  
Just at the eaves, the roof fell with a crashing blow!"

And then, alas! my Friend, they told me you were killed!  
'Tis strange, yet it must be as God has willed.  
Ah, dear old pal, when I had heard from home today  
My throat swelled at the news, I wiped a tear away.

Ah, you were young, so young—just twenty-five, my Friend.  
But those short years have proved you faithful to the end.  
I never dreamed that I should feel your absence so;  
'Twas hard that, just at life's fair noon, you had to go!

The Edison now stands so still beside the door,  
I cannot play the records, as we did of yore,  
The window flowers now seem to droop their heads and pine,  
And all is solemn here, O, dear old pal of mine!

O, how I'd love once more to pitch the new mown hay  
Down on the lot with you some pleasant summer day.  
Or play the puzzle games or chat an hour or two.  
Or skate upon the lake, just as we used to do.

Ah, we shall meet again—I cannot say how soon,  
But it may be some future Sunday afternoon.  
Then sweetly sleep, and on your couch of peace recline,  
For all is well with you, O, dear old Friend of mine!

# Editors' Table

## What Say You, Men?

In making their report of the income of the state of Utah for 1924, the officials enlighten us with the sad information that they have collected for cigarette stamp sales, \$109,914, during the year, May, 1923—May, 1924, which means that the state of Utah has consumed approximately, \$1,099,140, in cigarettes, and about 109,914,000 cigarettes during the year. Gone up in smoke! An injury to those who have smoked, and an absolute economic loss to the community.

We feel ashamed, not to say chagrined, at this showing. Honestly, it would be discouraging really if it were not for the fact that we are inclined to think that prior to the activity against cigarette sales in the state a much greater number of cigarettes were sold and consumed. We still think there is some virtue in the law against the cigarette, even if not enforced always as it should be, in the state.

Yet, the tobacco business in this country, we are told, is resting on thin ice. The tobacco organs are constantly bolstering up the thought that prominent men use tobacco. The latest example is the newly elected vice-president, Charles G. Dawes, who smokes a peculiar kind of pipe. This has been the basis of broadcasting in every conceivable way the fact that he smokes, of which he himself is evidently not very proud. *The Tobacco Leaf* says of him:

"Newspaper photographers and motion picture camera operators, after aiming their cameras at him, invariably beseech him to replace between his teeth the pipe, which he invariably removes when about to pose for a photograph."

"There is some satisfaction," comments Will H. Brown, Oakland, Calif., "to friends of the youth of the land in knowing that Mr. Dawes is sufficiently ashamed of the habit to remove his pipe when posing for a picture, until he is beseeched to place it again in his mouth. Mr. Dawes did not take up the tobacco habit until a few years ago. At one time he locked with favor upon abstainers from the weed. When his own son, Rufus Fearing Dawes, died, in 1912, age 21, the father wrote a tribute to his memory, which he read at the boy's funeral, in which he stressed the splendid character of his son, saying proudly: 'He did not smoke, swear, nor drink.'"

"Not only Mr. Dawes, but all other men, should be examples to their sons and the sons of other men, in the things that they consider desirable in the youth of our land."

Let us think of some of the disadvantages of the cigarette and tobacco habit: Cigarettes are a source of fire danger, and it is just as consistent to legislate against cigarettes as against fire crackers. Scarcely a day passes that there is not recorded great fire loss due

to the carelessness of smokers, running from a few thousand to a quarter of a million dollars:

"Most of the Northwestern forests were closed to all smoking throughout the summer season of 1924, with jail sentences for violators. California forest fire fighters say they dread one tiny lighted cigarette stub more than the most severe electrical storm; that should lightning start a fire it can be spotted at once, while the cigarette can start a fire that can gain terrific headway before being discovered."

The National Council of Boy Scouts in 1913, resolved that scout officials should "never smoke when in uniform or when on scout duty." Why at all?

The California *Christian Advocate* says that, last summer, prayers were offered in a number of Connecticut churches for "saving the tobacco crop from drought!" It would certainly be far more in line with the duty of churches, not filled with hypocrites, to have prayers to "save the youth of America from tobacco."

Orison Swett Marden says:

"I advise every cigarette victim to have his photograph taken *every year* and put side by side in a frame in his room, where he can see the gradual, fatal deterioration in himself from year to year. If this does not startle him and bring him to his senses, no preaching will ever do it, for the pictures will be a sermon more eloquent than ever came from any pulpit."

The Ann Arbor, Michigan *Times-News* says:

"A confirmed cigarette smoker's lungs are found saturated with tiny bits of carbon from inhaled smoke. Authorities say that in years to come the practice of inhaling smoke will result in increased lung trouble, bronchitis and tuberculosis."

Rev. M. P. Welcher, Hartford, Conn., has spoken in 620 schools of New York. He says:

"Every child born in this land has a right to a chance to grow up clean and strong, and have an education. Therefore we must give them that chance free from tobacco.

"There are many good reasons why boys should never throughout life use cigarettes or tobacco, and still more good reasons why girls should not permit boys to use this offensive, poisonous plant.

"It is never a necessity, unless one makes it so. It is unnatural, costly, dwarfing, defiling, degrading, destroying the best things. Then let us tell boys and girls plainly and kindly. We offer them this warning. 'Safety First' demands it. A *clean* life is a commercial asset. The New Era requires the New Standard of service, *no smoke, no drink*. There is not one good reason why any boy should ever use tobacco."

Tobacco and liquor—smoking, drinking and gambling—are vices that go together. A writer in *Tobacco Leaf*, one of the leading organs of the tobacco trade, gives three reasons why cigar production has virtually stood still in recent years, and the first of the three reasons given is this: "Prohibition, with the elimination of the saloons."



Professor Chester C. Haworth, superintendent of schools of Burlington, North Carolina, says:

"We employ about sixty teachers in our schools, and never consider a candidate who uses tobacco in any shape, form or fashion. I find there are still plenty of good men who neither eat nor smoke tobacco."

President Daugette, of the State Normal College at Jacksonville, Alabama, has announced that hereafter no certificates will be granted to students who smoke, adding: Nothing is to be gained by postponing a reform that is *bound to come*. There is also a rule barring any smoker from teaching in an accredited Normal School, or even getting a certificate to teach.

The use of tobacco turns the scale against recovery from pneumonia, poisons the system, creates insomnia, headaches, has a debilitating effect upon sexual virility, and spells degeneracy for the race, physically, mentally and morally. The Lord has warned us: "Tobacco is not good for man." Let us abandon it and so save our health, wealth and morals. Let us save the million dollars for better purposes, and so enjoy a happy and prosperous New Year—A.

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### President Seymour B. Young

In the passing of Dr. Seymour B. Young, the community loses a loveable character, a noble man, a kind and considerate leader among his people, a loving father, and a patriotic and exemplary citizen. He was a genuine gentleman, full of patience, with a smile and kindly greeting for all. In his time, the Church has practically been established. He is one of the old guard, whose early life was interwoven with many a thrilling incident of the persecutions, and pioneer hardships of his people. His mother fled with him in her arms, at the terrible massacre of Haun's Mill. He was one of the very few among us who have any recollection of the prophet Joseph and Nauvoo. With his family he had his chances with the driven remnants of Nauvoo, and participated in the dark days of Winter-quarters, followed by years of trying experiences on the plains, pioneering in the west for years before the family entered the Salt Lake Valley. His active life in our mountain valleys for nearly three-quarters of a century as pioneer, soldier, physician, and Church official, is one glorious round of service, rendered in cheerful patience, always with the good of his fellows and the growth and welfare of the Church and his people uppermost in his heart and mind. As one of the rare and early physicians he gained a well deserved reputation, and eased much pain and suffering. As a participant in the Black Hawk Indian war, as one of the company who was entrusted by our Government to guard the mail route and telegraph line, as a pioneer in Cache Valley, as a railroad builder, and missionary, he

toiled enthusiastically, cheerfully and with honor. In his office as member and President in the First Council of Seventy he rendered faithful service and was true to every duty. He was thoroughly imbued with faith in God and a knowledge of the gospel, a true Latter-day Saint; and his loyalty to country and flag, and the principles of liberty for which they stand, made him a staunch patriot and devoted citizen. Thousands to whom his words of wisdom and encouragement have come in all parts of the Church, will revere and do honor to his noble life. The whole community of the intermountain west join in extending sympathy and love to those who are immediately bereaved, and bless and honor the memory of Dr. Seymour B. Young.—A.

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## A Comparison

On Sunday afternoon, October 5, at the general conference of the Church, and just before the close of the final meeting of the great semi-annual gathering, President Heber J. Grant said: "All over the Church today, at this hour, from Canada on the North to Mexico on the South, with the exception of the immediate vicinity of Salt Lake City, fast meetings are being held in all the wards and branches, and men and women are testifying as to their knowledge, individually, regarding the divinity of the work in which we are engaged. These testimonies, as a rule, occupy only a minute or two or three, very seldom more than five minutes, and a great many people in each of these meetings pour out their hearts in gratitude and thanksgiving to God for the knowledge they have, individually, of the divinity of this work. I shall call a half dozen men to the stand and ask them to bear their testimonies regarding the divinity of this work, speaking not to exceed five minutes, each one."

All six elders responded and bore effective testimonies. Among them was Elder Hugh B. Brown, president of the Lethbridge, Canada stake of Zion, who spoke as follows:

It is quite fitting that I should speak immediately after President Pratt, he having represented the Mexican mission, I representing the stake of Zion farthest North. The Lethbridge stake comprises that section of this great country, from a few miles north of the international boundary line, including the North Pole.

I appreciate the privilege of bearing my testimony to the truth of this great work. During the great World War I had the opportunity of comparing service in other organizations with service in the Church of Jesus Christ. It fell to my lot to be the instrument of bringing to some of our boys certain favors by way of transfer, or temporary relief, or leave of absence, by virtue of authority vested in me as an officer in the Canadian army. Upon one occasion I was called upon, as I thought, to bring some relief to one boy, I was asked when in the city of London to visit a boy whose name I did not know. I supposed that he would ask for a temporary release that he might return home, as I thought to recuperate; and, feeling the thrill of the power vested in me by virtue of the uniform I

wore, I went down to that hospital with the intention of interceding for that boy, with the powers higher up. When I went into the little room which he occupied he extended his hand to me, and instead of addressing me as an officer in the army, he said to me: "Brother Brown, I sent for you to ask that you intercede with God in my behalf, that I may not die in this hospital, but that I may be allowed to return home to my widowed mother. Will you administer to me?" When this boy made that request at my hands, I could not help making the comparison; Great though it may be to wear the uniform of the king, I never felt more pride in my life in any position than I felt as I knelt by the side of that boy, placed my hands on his head, and in the name of Jesus Christ asked that his life might be spared. I compared then the authority which I held in the Church of Christ with the authority held by men in other organizations, and from the bottom of my heart I felt to say: "Thank God for this work, and for the Priesthood which we have." I went into that hospital a proud British officer. I came out a humble "Mormon" elder; and I say to you, my brethren and sisters, that I prefer membership in the Church of Jesus Christ to presidency or command in any other organization in the world, civil or military. I bear testimony that I know this is the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ and that it is the truth, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

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## I Don't Know

It is said that the Rocky Mountain Bell Telephone system discourages any clerk or laborer in its offices to reply to any question, "I don't know." They follow the plan of always finding out, and while nobody knows everything, and is not expected to, the clerks and workers in this organization are taught to see that a guest who asks for information gets it or is told that it can not be obtained. People who say, "I'll find out" generally do find out, and one who finds out is much more helpful in an organization, be it telephone, hotel, railroad, restaurant, or publication office of any kind, than the one who gives you a languid, "I don't know," and lets it go at that. It is well to remember that courtesy and helpfulness costs little and buys much; if we all realized how much, we would never be too busy or too tired to go out of our way in courtesy to find out something for a person who really desires to know. And this applies to people in private life as well as to those who are in any way connected with business or public organizations.—A.

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## Brigham Young as Seen by Mr. Werner

The first number of a series of seven articles promised on "Brigham Young" appeared in the December issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, published at Philadelphia, the author, M. R. Werner. All are well aware that when anything connected with "Mormonism", when presented in the magazines and in other public press, is usually filled with deliberate misrepresentation. We welcome, therefore, such an attempt as this first article of the series, to present the facts regarding our history and our great leader.

Brigham Young, as Mr. Werner has been able to find and understand them. The facts and the history presented in this first article, the millions of readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal* will aid in clearing the atmosphere for the true presentation of the gospel by our elders and Saints in the United States and Canada, and wherever the *Journal* circulates.

The inaccuracies in the article, we believe, are not deliberate, but rather the result of misunderstanding on Mr. Werner's part. When he states that Brigham Young was "shrewd enough, skeptical enough, and well enough acquainted with the progress of religious speculation in his neighborhood to realize that as a business proposition this new religion ('Mormonism') might be worth looking into," he is far from a correct understanding of President Young as he was known to the Saints throughout his life. Joining the Church was not a "business proposition" with Brigham Young. Neither did he make the Church, but rather the Church made him. It was the salvation of his eternal soul that concerned him, and the gospel brought him so much joy that he was anxious to proclaim it to all the world. Here are his own words, "When I went to Kirtland I had not a coat in the world, for previous to this I had given away everything I possessed that I might be free to go forth and proclaim the plan of salvation to the inhabitants of the earth." That does not look much like a "business proposition," giving away everything one possesses.

When Mr. Werner was in Salt Lake last summer, he was told that he would find it difficult to understand Brigham Young except by the same spirit that actuated him. Unless one has the spirit of the gospel, and feels it in his soul, he cannot understand the Latter-day Saints, nor what they are about. "No man knoweth the things of God except by the Spirit of God." However, we hope that succeeding articles will be no less fair and just than this first one appears to be.—A.

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## A Love Story

The following story of love, from a current Syrian legend, is retold in the *Millennial Star*, by President J. Wilford Booth:

Three men stood, one stormy night, at the threshold of a wayside cottage. Their knock at the door was answered by a modest little damsel who inquired of their names, their nativities and the purpose of their visit.

The foremost of the strange trio spoke frankly and said: "My name is Love. My companions are Luck and Riches. We are seeking places for rest and refreshment. One of us would be pleased to receive the hospitality of this home to-night, and the choice of whom it is to be, we leave to you."

The girl was bewildered; she ran and called the other members of the family, who gathered quickly at the portal of their home to hold a speedy council and decide upon which of these distinguished callers they would receive. They learned and repeated over and over the names of the would-be guests, studied their characters and listened again to the humble petition they made.

Wisdom ruled the family's decision, and the choice was soon made. In unison they exclaimed: "We will entertain Love!"

As they gave way for the guest to enter, they noticed the other two closely following their leader into the newly-found rooms of rest. Observing their astonishment, Love turned to the kind hosts and said, with a smile all divine: "Be not alarmed. Wherever I am made a welcome guest, there my companions also will make their abode."

And that home was blessed forever more.



# Priesthood Quorums

## The Melchizedek Priesthood Study

Subject: Doctrines of the Church: Text: *A Study of the Articles of Faith.*

### LESSON 5: THE ATONEMENT

Text: Chapter 4, pages 74-89.

Stress the relationship between the Fall of Adam and the Atonement wrought by Jesus Christ, the Savior and Redeemer of the race. The fact that the atonement was provided for even before man was placed upon the earth shows that the sinful tendency of the race, inaugurated by the fall, was also foreseen. Emphasize the fact that through the atonement *redemption* from the power of death is assured to all by the resurrection, and *salvation* is provided for all who will comply with the appointed requirements.

### LESSON 6: SALVATION

Text: Chapter 4, pages 89-93.

Show the distinction between general and individual salvation. It is important to know that salvation may not include exaltation; note the difference. Stress the fact that graded conditions are provided in the hereafter. A further treatment of the subject appears in the text-book, pages 405-411. Study *Appendix 4*.

### LESSON 7: FAITH

Text: Chapter 5, pages 96-108.

As prominent topics the following should be emphasized: that faith in God is a principle of power; that it is essential to salvation; that it is a gift from God; that faith implies and embraces works. Study *Appendix 5*.

### LESSON 8: REPENTANCE

Text: Chapter 5, pages 109-116.

Stress the characteristics of genuine repentance and the conditions requisite to securing divine forgiveness. Read *Appendix 5:4, 5*, pages 481, 482.

## Ordinations to the Lesser Priesthood

It is a commendable custom in some wards for the ward teachers to notify the bishop concerning all young men who are worthy to be ordained to the offices of priest, teacher or deacon. The bishop then writes to the young man, telling him that he has been suggested for ordination to the Aaronic Priesthood, and for him to consult with his parents and to write the bishop his feelings in the matter. After further instruction by the bishopric, the candidate is presented at fast meeting before the congregation in person, and if sustained by the membership of the ward, is finally ordained.

Following is a sample of a letter recently received by a bishop from a boy who was reported for ordination to the office of deacon:

"Dear Bishop: As all the boys of twelve generally receive the Priesthood and are ordained to the office of deacon, I would deem it an honor if such Priesthood and office were bestowed upon me. Ever since I can remember, I have been going to Sabbath school, Priesthood meeting and Religion class. I have been taught to pray, keep the Word of Wisdom, to be kind and truthful and honest. If you feel that I am worthy to receive the Aaronic Priesthood and to be ordained to the office of deacon, I promise to do everything required of me.

"Your brother in the gospel,

# Mutual Work

## Jubilee Certificate to be Awarded

To Stake Superintendents Y.M.M.I.A., and Stake Presidents Y.L.M.I.A.,

Dear Brethren and Sisters: We feel sure that each stake and all workers of the organizations of both the Y.M. and Y.L.M.I.A. are waiting anxiously to know just what can be done to show proper appreciation, and the strength of the two great organizations, during this Jubilee year. The definite dates have already been fixed and the committees of the General Board are at work planning for the great celebration next June. We know that you will put forth a special effort and help us make this a real banner year in the history of our organizations.

In order to show our appreciation to all stakes for their good works, we are having prepared a specially engraved Jubilee certificate to be awarded at the June Conference to each stake organization which makes a 100% record on the efficiency report during any month in the year prior to June 1, 1925.

One of the things we desire to celebrate in the coming Jubilee year will be the fact that after fifty years of existence, we are 50,000 strong. However, it will be necessary for every ward and stake, especially the larger wards, to materially increase its enrollment over the preceding year. The way to do this is clearly outlined in our present plan to secure membership by making a working list containing name of every boy in each ward between the ages of 12 and at least up to 25; and every girl from 14 to at least 25, and then organizing to conduct a personal campaign with each of these boys and girls to have them enrolled. If the work is done in this way, we will all be able to rejoice that, after fifty years, we are 50,000 strong in each organization.

We feel that this record of achievement is possible in every stake of the Church. Organize your forces at once, in each department, and let us all make a special effort, during the month of January, to reach this worthy accomplishment. Will your stake be numbered among the successful ones when the January record is published? Please answer on the enclosed card. Write us at once, if we may assist you,

Your brother in the gospel,

Melvin J. Ballard, Chairman of General Committee Jubilee Celebration, June, 1925.

December 17, 1924.

## Y. M. M. I. A. in the Great Northwest

"The Mutual Improvement Associations in the Northwestern States Mission have increased, both in number of associations and in enrollment, over last year. We are trying to follow the outlines and carry on the Mutual work here just as it is done in the organized stakes and wards. But the work is new to many of us and we are, therefore, weak in many respects, but hope to overcome these handicaps as time goes on. Some of our associations are held jointly with the young ladies. This class of association is necessary because of the small number of members in some of our districts. We have an enrollment of 226 with 12 out of the 16 associations reporting; and for October, had an average attendance of 182. There are approximately 5,000 Saints in this mission. Many of them live in remote places where it is impossible for them to attend any of our organizations. Those who live in the districts where our organizations

are located, support them in a very creditable manner. In many districts we have 100% of our possible Mutual members enrolled."—Orson Haynie, Mission Superintendent.

## Enrollment of Members at School or at Work

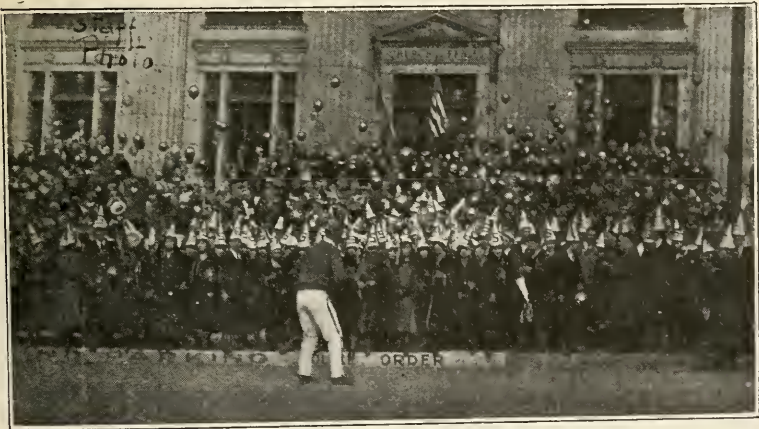
The joint M. I. A. Executive Boards make the following recommendations:

As a general rule members shall enroll where they reside; or, they shall enroll where they may be temporarily residing attending school or at work; any exceptions to this rule must be worked out locally.

When members leave their home stake or ward to reside for a season in another locality, their names should be sent to the officers of the stake or ward in which they go. The officers should make every effort to secure such new arrivals' membership and attendance. In the home ward their names may be entered on the roll as a matter of history, with a note of explanation as to cause of temporary absence; but absentees should not be counted in the enrollment during the time of their absence.

## To Our Subscribers, Friends, Agents and Officers of the Y. M. M. I. A.

We desire to and do express our thanks to all of you for the splendid response that you have given to the circulation of the *Improvement Era*, and the request to place it upon a cash basis in the business department. The loyal army of laborers who have solicited subscriptions and the long list of subscribers testify to the ready response given to our suggestion to pay in advance, and from the number of subscriptions, letters and notices so far received, we are certain that they will make the new venture a complete success, resulting in benefit to both the *Improvement Era*, and to all our readers who have its interest at heart. Again thank you. We have still some numbers for November and December, and can fill orders for the whole volume if sent in now.



FOUNDERS DAY, L. D. S. UNIVERSITY, SALT LAKE

Students met and with their band played selections in front of the general Church offices. They sang class songs, gave college yells, filled the sky with colored balloons, and in other ways greeted and gave honor to President Heber J. Grant.

## Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, November, 1924

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Slogaa	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Migs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Alpine	9	6	8	8	7	7	8	5	9	5	72
Bear River	9	9	10	10	8	9	10	4	10	10	89
Benson	7	6	6	7	4	8	6	4	8	7	63
Box Elder	9	10	10	8	5	10	10	4	10	10	86
Cache	10	10	9	9	9	10	8	6	10	10	91
Carbon	7	6	10	6	6	10	2	1	8	8	64
Cottonwood	8	10	10	10	9	10	5	5	10	9	86
Deseret	10	10	6	4	3	8	7	6	7	7	68
Emery	8	10	4	4	4	6	2	1	5	5	49
Granite	7	10	10	10	10	10	4	2	9	10	82
Grant	6	9	10	10	10	10	4	2	10	10	81
Gunnison	9	10	10	5	8	10	7	5	10	6	80
Hyrum	7	6	9	10	10	9	7	9	10	10	87
Jordan	6	10	6	6	3	6	5	7	7	6	62
Juab	10	6	10	4	6	10	10	5	10	10	81
Kanab	8	6	8	3	2	8	8	4	5	5	57
Liberty	8	10	10	10	10	10	7	7	10	10	92
Logan	9	10	10	10	9	10	8	4	10	9	89
Millard	10	7	9	10	5	10	10	8	9	10	89
Mount Ogden	8	10	10	6	9	10	9	5	10	10	87
Nebo	5	9	5	7	7	3	3	3	7	7	56
North Davis	7	5	10	8	7	10	7	3	8	8	73
North Sanpete	6	10	7	5	6	9	7	3	7	7	67
North Sevier	6	10	10	5	5	10	5	2	7	8	68
North Weber	9	9	9	7	3	8	6	10	9	8	78
Ogden	9	6	9	10	10	10	8	8	8	10	88
Oquirrh	9	6	10	10	6	10	9	2	10	10	82
Panguitch	8	10	5	1	3	5	4	2	5	5	48
Parowan	9	6	6	4	1	9	3	4	4	4	50
Pioneer	6	10	8	7	7	8	5	3	8	7	69
St. George	10	8	8	4	5	9	5	4	6	7	66
Salt Lake	7	10	10	10	10	10	9	5	10	10	91
Sevier	9	9	10	7	8	10	9	7	8	9	86
South Davis	9	10	9	10	9	10	9	6	10	10	92
South Sanpete	9	9	10	5	7	10	9	1	10	10	80
South Sevier	4	6	4	3	1	4	4	---	4	4	34
Tintic	8	6	10	2	2	10	8	6	9	9	70
Tooele	5	6	10	10	10	10	10	3	10	10	84
Utah	8	9	10	10	9	10	5	---	9	9	79
Wasatch	9	10	10	7	10	10	5	4	9	6	80
Weber	8	9	9	6	5	10	6	4	10	9	76
Bannock	10	10	10	3	4	10	7	5	6	5	70
Bear Lake	6	6	6	5	7	6	6	3	5	7	57
Bingham	10	10	10	10	7	10	9	9	9	6	90
Blackfoot	8	6	10	5	9	10	9	2	10	10	79
Boise	7	6	8	4	6	9	6	3	9	7	65
Burley	10	6	10	4	6	10	9	5	10	10	80
Cassia	10	9	10	8	4	10	6	8	10	9	84
Curlew	6	10	2	1	4	5	3	2	4	3	40
Franklin	8	6	10	10	4	10	10	4	8	10	80
Fremont	10	9	10	10	6	9	7	6	9	10	86
Idaho	7	5	3	2	1	4	2	4	4	3	35
Lost River	10	9	10	10	10	10	9	3	7	9	87
Malad	9	10	10	10	9	10	9	9	10	10	96
Minidoka	10	10	10	5	6	10	5	5	9	9	79



## Y. M. M. I. A. Efficiency Report, (Continued)

STAKES	Membership	Class Work	Recreation	Scout Work	"M" Men	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Monthly Stake and Ward Officers' Mtgs.	Ward Officers' Meetings	Total
Montpelier	10	10	10	4	3	10	8	7	9	10	81
Oneida	6	7	10	10	8	10	10	8	7	8	84
Pocatello	10	6	9	10	8	10	7	8	10	9	87
Raft River	7	10	4	---	2	5	4	6	2	2	42
Rigby	8	10	7	8	5	10	8	5	10	6	77
Shelley	10	10	9	7	6	10	9	7	10	7	85
Teton	2	8	3	6	2	10	3	3	7	3	47
Twin Falls	9	10	7	4	7	10	7	6	10	7	77
Yellowstone	10	9	8	7	5	8	6	4	8	6	71
Alberta	10	6	7	10	7	9	8	6	6	7	76
Lethbridge	10	10	7	10	8	10	10	9	10	10	94
Los Angeles	10	10	8	8	10	10	8	5	10	10	89
Maricopa	10	10	10	10	5	10	8	5	10	10	88
Moapa	10	8	7	3	1	10	7	6	9	10	71
St. Joseph	10	9	10	7	---	10	5	2	5	8	56
Snowflake	9	9	10	7	4	10	8	7	5	7	76
Star Valley	10	10	9	10	7	10	10	10	10	9	95
Taylor	10	10	10	10	4	10	10	7	10	8	91
Union	10	10	10	4	8	10	10	3	10	8	83
Woodruff	6	10	6	4	3	7	3	4	6	4	53
Young	8	8	---	---	---	4	1	1	1	2	25
Calif. Mission	7	10	7	2	2	9	8	6	3	6	60
N. W. States	10	10	8	---	---	8	4	5	---	6	51

## Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, November, 1924

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
Alpine	949	18	16	138	143	177	160	250	868	104	84	100	82	174	544
Bear River	488	11	10	81	125	115	10	110	441	58	75	70	9	68	280
Benson	758	13	10	75	97	118	92	125	507	69	46	60	41	84	300
Box Elder	766	13	13	107	213	115	30	228	693	84	136	81	21	156	478
Cache	520	8	8	84	58	144	---	242	528	71	36	73	---	177	357
Carbon	360	10	5	35	78	63	---	86	262	29	49	30	---	53	161
Cottonwood	675	10	10	98	61	162	---	198	519	80	30	119	---	143	372
Deseret	430	12	9	75	174	91	24	129	493	53	102	54	14	96	319
Emery	555	10	6	46	89	114	---	157	406	38	67	89	---	135	329
Granite	911	9	9	93	64	169	104	248	678	80	50	130	87	190	537
Grant	1168	11	11	120	92	164	94	283	753	86	44	98	46	180	454
Gunnison	288	6	6	53	47	69	14	79	262	43	33	41	10	55	182
Hyrum	500	10	8	64	124	111	---	117	416	51	74	61	---	64	250
Jordan	1064	16	12	99	125	154	---	273	651	72	75	95	---	191	433
Juab	337	5	5	45	105	94	---	127	371	33	43	44	---	79	199
Kanab	225	6	5	33	49	40	---	65	187	24	31	10	---	55	120
Liberty	1250	12	12	133	219	304	84	348	1088	102	124	176	45	229	676
Logan	608	11	11	118	104	151	---	209	582	98	63	111	---	145	417
Mount Ogden	575	8	8	73	101	145	---	168	487	64	56	90	---	130	340
Nebo	972	15	11	87	105	110	23	198	523	59	54	55	13	124	305

## Y. M. M. I. A. Statistical Report, (Continued)

STAKES	Should be Enrolled	No. Wards	No. Wards Reporting	Officers and Class Leaders' Enrollment	Ad. Senior Enrollment	Senior Enrollment	Ad. Junior Enrollment	Junior Enrollment	Total	Officers and Class Leaders' Attendance	Ad. Senior Attendance	Senior Attendance	Ad. Junior Attendance	Junior Attendance	Total
North Davis	450	7	7	67	62	95		110	334	43	30	42		74	189
North Sanpete	760	10	9	73	72	114	20	198	477	63	56	79	24	154	376
North Sevier	265	6	4	31	50	36	25	26	168	25	39	23	14	17	118
North Weber	713	17	14	110	106	199		232	647	90	61	114		143	408
Ogden	796	10	10	91	141	236		250	718	72	73	146		172	463
Oquirrh	420	5	5	57	77	87	49	136	406	46	36	47	33	76	238
Panguitch	271	6	4	42	58	52	16	65	233	23	45	33	7	53	161
Parowan	324	9	7	55	92	59	27	60	293	5	63	39	21	42	170
Pioneer	780	10	8	63	60	143	43	133	442	46	36	90	31	104	307
St. George	680	16	15	118	191	209	84	145	747	87	98	94	41	94	414
Salt Lake	1068	12	12	134	115	155	115	267	786	186	109	91	131	211	728
Sevier	353	6	6	52	59	66	27	124	328	39	38	38	16	58	189
South Davis	420	8	6	71	75	93	12	152	403	41	41	77	18	62	239
South Sanpete	448	7	7	58	90	130	24	112	414						
South Sevier	285	7	3	21	35	17	7	25	105	18	13	12	1	25	69
Tintic	246	5	5	35	70	21		75	201	27	34	10		45	116
Tooele	360	9	4	29	69	31	13	39	181	26	23	26	11	21	107
Utah	1000	15	15	123	122	214		378	837	103	65	148		254	570
Wasatch	377	9	8	55	81	92		99	327	43	65	70		70	248
Bannock	257	8	8	48	72	80		88	288	32	60	63		68	223
Bear Lake	302	11	8	54	68	56		89	267	49	37	35		53	174
Bingham	500	11	10	96	178	113	48	112	547	72	109	76	29	79	365
Blackfoot	514	11	8	74	116	72	42	84	388	50	60	42	16	78	246
Boise	358	8	7	58	80	52	19	53	262	39	37	31	15	29	151
Burley	321	9	9	73	133	93		113	412	57	78	58		72	265
Cassia	169	5	5	42	67	20	37	60	226	29	43	12	27	30	141
Curlew	135	6	3	23	24	26		23	96	19	18	19		17	73
Franklin	440	11	10	97	116	81	11	97	401	64	60	49	7	46	226
Fremont	687	13	12	104	167	194	125	100	690	79	97	109	101	57	443
Idaho	211	11	4	36	54	27		37	154	20	29	12		24	85
Lost River	120	4	4	35	47	38		45	165	24	28	26		30	108
Malad	350	8	8	62	68	90		107	327	49	49	57		75	230
Minidoka	223	8	8	56	81	48	8	61	254	33	66	42	6	38	185
Montpelier	345	12	11	88	107	81	24	124	424	70	75	50	19	79	293
Oneida	356	11	6	54	64	38		72	228	41	39	27		51	158
Pocatello	473	10	10	114	109	124	21	131	499	77	62	70	11	98	318
Raft River	160	8	5	25	40	29	19		113	33	42	16	22		113
Rigby	500	13	11	96	77	84		126	383	74	41	58		86	259
Shelley	335	9	9	79	105	65	36	85	370	57	65	50	26	59	257
Teton	300	9	4	22	20	12	4	24	82	7	12	8	5	15	47
Twin Falls	194	7	6	43	57	41		37	178	35	37	27		34	133
Yellowstone	250	9	6	38	91	45	3	70	247	35	61	21	1	37	155
Alberta	350	11	10	86	115	122	65	102	490	62	66	71	41	57	297
Lethbridge	225	11	8	59	86	55	17	62	279	46	50	36	16	40	188
Los Angeles	400	16	16	125	165	254	140		734	105	150	219	165		639
Maricopa	373	8	8	69	173	101	36	87	486	55	112	62	48	59	336
Moapa	202	7	7	54	106	100		77	337	46	58	56		51	211
St. Joseph	507	16	11	94	112	138		144	488	64	70	85		88	307
Snowflake	280	10	10	38	86	36	22	84	266	29	56	16	10	48	159
Star Valley	360	11	10	101	55	104		114	374	69	34	70		83	256
Taylor	318	6	6	61	107	71	52	102	393	47	65	48	34	69	263
Union	170	6	6	60	59	65	15	38	237	54	27	34	10	36	161
Woodruff	435	8	5	44	70	78		83	275	36	46	64		52	198
Young	102	4	2	14	17	27	9	21	88	4	4	19	6	10	43
Calif. Mission	794	29	22	130	217	153		85	585	124	149	111		76	460
N. W. States		16	16	75	131	51	29	24	310	71	119	38	21	20	269

# Passing Events

*General P. Elias Calles* took the oath of office, Nov. 30, as president of Mexico, succeeding General Obregon, in the presence of 25,000 spectators. The United States was represented by H. F. Arthur Schofield, counselor of the embassy.

A new cure for cancer was reported at a meeting of the homeopathic association in Philadelphia, Nov. 18, 1924. The basis of the treatment is said to be "radium emanation." But, unlike the former radium treatment, the present one does not attempt to kill the cancerous tissues but to restore them to normal. The substance remains active only 27 days, but its rays are said to be effective against all forms of malignant tumors.

*Pictures by radio* were successfully transferred from London to New York, Nov. 30, 1924, by the Radio Corporation of America. A couple of days previously the portraits of President Coolidge, and Secretary of State Hughes had been transferred by the same means to London. Gen. Jr. G. Harbord, president of the Radio corporation declared that under favorable circumstances a picture could be transmitted in six minutes. It will be possible, soon, to send checks and drafts and other important documents by radio.

*Dr. Jean Capart believes The Book of Abraham to be genuine.* He is professor in Egyptology at the university in Brussels, and knows whereof he speaks. The gentleman visited Salt Lake City recently and, in an interview published in the *Deseret News*, Dec. 8, said in part:

"The original manuscripts, from which the book called the Book of Abraham by the Latter-day Saints is taken, are unquestionably of true Egyptian origin, and the plates reproduced in the pages of the work are easily deciphered by one educated in Egyptology."

*Millions for charity and education* are set apart by James B. Duke, the tobacco magnate at Charlotte, N. C., according to the announcement, he has created a trust fund of \$40,000,000, to be used for the founding of a college, for hospitals and other charitable purposes. George Eastman, of the Kodak company, has given away the bulk of his holdings, keeping only enough to enable him to "participate effectively" in the management. The university of Rochester will receive \$8,500,000, and other institutions \$6,500,000, making a total of \$15,000,000.

*Mrs. Florence Kling Harding*, widow of the late President Harding, died, Nov. 21, 1924, at the home of Mrs. Charles E. Sawyer, White Oak farm. She was born, Aug. 15, 1860, at Marion, Ohio. At the age of 20 she married Eugene de Wolfe, who left her about 9 years ago, leaving two children. He went west, and was last heard from in Oregon or Washington. Establishing reasonable ground for the belief that he was dead, she obtained her freedom by due court action, and some time afterwards she was married to her late husband who, before his death, became president of the United States. They were married in 1891.

To "hear" electrons is now possible, according to an announcement from Ann Arbor, Mich. The vacuum tube amplifier, in which the amplification is carried to a hundred thousandfold and with which a millionfold can be reached, is the instrument through which this is accomplished. The sound produced by the electrons, says Dr. A. W. Hull of the Research Laboratory.

of the General Electric company, is caused by bombardment of the plate by electrons released from the hot filament. It is these electrons which carry the current and which make operation of the tube possible. The noise is therefore a fundamental property of electron emission, a characteristic of the electron, according to Dr. Hull.

*August Belmont died* Dec. 1, at his apartment in New York, 71 years of age, after an illness of only twenty-four hours. He was born in New York Feb. 18, 1853. He entered Harvard university in 1873. In 1875 he entered the banking firm of his father, of which he assumed control in 1890, at the death of his father, and has throughout his life been prominent in banking circles. At the time of his death he was head of the firm of August Belmont & Co. Mr. Belmont was chairman of the board of directors of the interborough Rapid Transit company, the Equitable Life Insurance company, the National Park bank and various other corporations. Mr. Belmont was married twice and was the father of three children.

*Samuel Gompers died*, Dec. 13, in a hospital at San Antonio, Tex., on his way home from Mexico, where he had attended a labor congress. The famous labor leader, an Englishman by birth, was born in England on Jan. 27, 1850, a son of Samuel and Sarah Gompers. He received his early education in the British Isles, but came to America when still a boy. At the age of 15, Samuel Gompers embarked on his stormy career as a labor leader. He was a cigar maker. Gompers was one of the charter organizers of the American Federation of Labor and became its president in 1882, which position he held up to 1920, with the exception of one year at the peace congress at Versailles he represented the labor interests and received great influence.

*Ambrose Noble McKay died* Nov. 18, at the Holy Cross Hospital, Salt Lake City, after an illness of only two weeks. He has for many years been engaged in newspaper work, and for the last thirteen years as general manager of the *Salt Lake Tribune*. As such he has had great success and been influential in the affairs of the community. He was born at Whitby, Canada, May 5, 1868, and came to this country in 1890. Surviving him are his wife, Mary Cope McKay, to whom he was married October 3, 1897 and a son, Donald, a senior in Stanford university, a brother, Dr. James B. McKay, of Marion, Ind., and three sisters, Mrs. E. M. Park of Edmonton, Alberta and Misses Emily H. and Janet McKay of Whitby, Ontario, Canada, also survive.

*An ancient burial ground* has been found by Prof. A. A. Kerr, of the archaeological department of the university of Utah about twelve miles west of Blanding, San Juan, Utah. It was discovered near the ruins of a cliff dwelling known as "Whisker's Ruin." Excavation brought to light a great number of pottery and other articles of interest. In one grave 16 little jars were found beside a corpse, possible the remains of a chieftain. In another grave eight pieces of pottery were taken out. They may have been the property of a medicine man. An interesting cliff dwelling was discovered in Fisk Creek canyon. It had ten rooms and a balcony supported by a column, a detail of architecture which Prof. Kerr did not remember ever having seen before. A great natural bridge was also discovered.

*Education for better home life* will be the central theme for the fifth annual Leadership Week, at the Brigham Young University, commencing January 26, according to announcement from the Extension Division. The week will be conducted along the lines followed in the past, but a number of new departments will be added. Among the new departments are:



Interior Decorating; Reading for the Home; Training for Parenthood; Psychology of Childhood; Play Production. Other courses will be as follows: Social Welfare; Community Planning; Vocational Guidance; Scout Leadership; Music; Religious Education; Principles and Methods of Ference; Recreation; Foods and Nutrition; Clothing and Textiles; Home Ference; Rrecreation; Foods and Nutrition; Clothing and Textiles; Home Health and Sanitation.

*Patriarch Adolph Madsen passed away* at his home in Brigham City, Utah, Dec. 5, 1924, of general debility, being 83 years of age. He was Danish by birth, but has lived in Brigham City for 60 years and taken a prominent part in Church and civic activities. He was bishop of the Third ward for many years, and the first counselor to Stake President Rudger Clawson. Later he was ordained a patriarch, a position he held at the time of his death. He filled a mission to Scandinavia, in 1889-91, and for a time presided over the Norwegian Conference in Christiania. He worked for twenty-three years in the Salt Lake temple, until 1916, when he was compelled to give up that work on account of ill health.

Surviving are the following children: Mrs. Eli H. Pierce, Salt Lake; Mrs. C. W. Richards, Mrs. Alice M. Johnston, Mrs. Mary M. Olsen, Misses Phoebe, Sevena and Daisy Madsen, all of Brigham city.

*The Centennial anniversary of Dr. Harvey C. Hullinger* was observed at Vernal, Utah, Dec. 2, in the Orpheus hall, which was filled to capacity. Talks, music, and dancing made up a very enjoyable program. He was given a handsome leather chair by the city. Telegrams were received from President Heber J. Grant, President Calvin Coolidge, and many others. President Coolidge telegraphed: "My congratulations to you on this remarkable anniversary occasion. You have my sincere wishes that you may celebrate many returns of the day." Dr. Hullinger was born fourteen years after Lincoln and was two years of age when Thomas Jefferson died. He came to Utah from Iowa in 1859 and served in the Civil war as a physician. He has practiced medicine in Ashley valley for forty-two years and performed valuable service to the people here during pioneer days.

*Recent inventions.* Germany is interested in a number of new inventions. One is a system for central heating for a whole city. The system is already working in Hamburg, and a beginning has been made in Berlin. Another is a machine insuring secrecy in radio. The radio invention is by Professor Bruevitch, who has completed a sender which works only with a receiving machine which also he has built. The sender is claimed to use a wave length in such a manner that only a similar receiver can hear anything, and Russian papers describe successful tests. A new color camera claims to remedy all previous faults. It takes pictures in one-fifth of a second on the same lens, with three color plates. The gelatin papers used are not sensitive. Each plate prints its own color on the paper, resulting in perfect, lifelike pictures. There is also a contrivance which, it is claimed, dispenses with the motor in the aeroplane and can be run by manpower alone. The inventor is Major Pilarski of Vienna. His propeller is called a "wing propeller," the wings being supposed to vibrate and grip the air much more effectively than the rotating blade propeller. The new propeller is being tried out on a motor boat at Vienna and shows effectiveness in water which is too shallow for regular propellers or wheels.

*The Kolob stake was organized*, Nov. 23, 1924, at the regular quarterly conference of the Utah stake. President Rudger Clawson and Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, of the Council of the Twelve, were present.

George R. Maycock, bishop of the Springville Fourth ward, was sustained as the president of the new stake, with J. Frank Bringhurst, bishop of the Springville Second ward, as first counselor and Edwin M. Snow, for twenty-one years a member of the Mapleton ward bishopric, as second counselor. The bishops of the four Springville wards were released and in their places were sustained J. Emmett Bird in the First ward, William Wainwright in the Second ward, H. Ralph Smart in the Third ward and Hilton A. Robertson, recently returned president of the Japanese mission, in the Fourth ward. Three bishops in the Utah stake also were released as follows: George Powelson from the Provo Third ward, Alfred L. Booth from the Provo Fourth ward, and Albert Mabey from the Provo Fifth ward. All three of these former bishops were sustained as alternate high counselors in the Utah stake. To take their places as bishops of the respective wards were sustained Henry Aldous Dixon, Royal J. Murdock and Professor Clawson Y. Cannon.

*Major General Sir Lee Oliver Stock died* at a hospital in Cairo, Nov. 20, as a result of wounds received in an attack by assassins. Great Britain immediately made demands on the Egyptian government for an apology, and indemnity of £500,000, punishment of the assassins, guarantee for the safety of foreign officials, and concessions regarding increased irrigation in Sudan. The Egyptian government accepted the demands regarding apology, punishment of the assassins and indemnity, and promised to prevent disturbances of the peace, but the demands regarding Sudan and the irrigation project, it considered contrary to the constitution and "premature." Viscount Allenby who has full charge of the negotiations replied that in view of the refusal of the Egyptian government to comply, the Sudan government would be at liberty to increase the irrigation area to any extent, and that further notice would be given as to what action would be taken in view of the refusal to protect foreign interests. Zagloul pasha, the Egyptian premier, resigned, Nov. 24, and the situation became less tense. On Dec. 1 it was announced from Cairo that the crisis was past because the new Egyptian government had acceded to all the demands of Great Britain, after the shooting down of a number of Sudanese troops, declared to be in revolt.

*The first radiocast service* under the auspices of the First Presidency was held Sunday evening, Nov. 16, 1924, at 9 p. m., at the station K F P T. Letters and telegrams from Canada and many places in western America have been received expressing appreciation of the service. In his address, President Heber J. Grant discussed the Articles of Faith. He took up each article separately and presented a graphic interpretation of its significance. Supplementing his discussion with numerous episodes out of his own rich experience, he made clear the distinctiveness of the "Mormon" point of view. The service was opened by an instrumental trio by the Lindsay sisters, with Mrs. Melba Lindsay Burton in charge. The singing was under the direction of Arthur McFarlane, music director of Grant stake. He presented a mixed double quartet from Whittier ward. They sang Stephens' "Let the Mountains Shout for Joy!" and the anthem "Lord of Heaven," with inspiring effect. Arthur McFarlane and H. C. Mortensen sang "The Morning Breaks," by Stephens. Mrs. Minnie Eckhardt rendered the sacred solo, "Blessings." In response to demands from Magna and various other parts of the country, Mrs. Eckhardt also sang, "Oh My Father" with a violin obligato played by Mrs. Melba Lindsay Burton. The piano accompaniments were played by Miss Marjorie Dahlen. President Grant spoke also on the 23rd with an appropriate musical program.

*President Seymour B. Young passed away* early in the morning of Dec. 15, at his home in Salt Lake City, after an illness of about a week. For some time he has been feeble, but up to a little over

a week ago has been able to attend to his duties at the Church office. Seymour Bicknell Young was born in Kirtland, Ohio, Oct. 3, 1837, as son of Joseph Young and Jane Bicknell Young, his father being an older brother of President Brigham Young. In his mother's arms he was carried through a hail of bullets unharmed, at the scene of the Haun's Mill massacre, in 1838. The following year the family moved to Nauvoo, where they remained till June 1846, when they started for the west. Though Seymour B. was but a young child at the time of the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum Smith, the patriarch, he always remembered having seen them as they left Nauvoo for Carthage, and then the funeral of the martyrs and the grief of the Saints at the taking off of the leaders. The family of Seymour B. Young arrived at Winter Quarters late in the fall of 1846, and in Salt Lake valley Sept. 29, 1850. Ever since, Seymour B. Young has led an active and useful life, as a pioneer, missionary, soldier, physician, and Church official. He helped in building the first house in Cache valley. In 1857 he was ordained a Seventy, and called to go on a mission to Great Britain. In 1862 he enlisted in the U. S. army, and was one of 105 men from Utah, entrusted with the duty of guarding the mail route and telegraph lines from Missouri river to San Francisco. He also served in the "Black Hawk war." After that he engaged in railroad building under the Brigham Young Jr., contract. In 1870 he went on another mission to Great Britain in company with his father. When he returned home he engaged in the study of medicine, and in 1874 received his diploma from the University Medical College of New York. As a physician he gained a well-deserved reputation. In October, 1882, he was called by President John Taylor to be one of the first council of seventy, and at the death of Jacob Gates he became senior president in that quorum. On April 14, 1867, he married Elizabeth Riter, by whom he had twelve children, ten of whom survive. They are Seymour B. Young Jr., Mrs. M. D. Wells, Florence Pearl Young, Levi Edgar Young, Mrs. Willard Arnold, Elma Young, Clifford E. Young, Irene Young, Mrs. Orson M. Rogers and Mrs. J. T. Hammond. Jr. Later he married Abbie C. Wells, who, with one child, Mrs. Nana Clark, survives. Brothers and sisters are B. Bicknell Young of Chicago, the Misses Vilate Fannie and Henrietta Young and Mrs. Chloe Benedict of Seattle, and Mrs. Myra Russell of this city. The late Judge Le Grand Young was a brother.

*In the Northwestern States Mission*, the Fathers and Sons' of the Portland Branch, Oregon, met on August 8. Games were played, stories told and experiences related. Brother Irving C. Emmett, an expert on birds, gave a very interesting talk on bird life. Mission President Brigham S. Young, counselled the fathers to gain and keep the confidence of their sons. Later in the month the Fathers and Sons' of the Cascade, Montana, Branch went into the mountains for a four-day trip. They report that they had a splendid time and are looking forward to next year when they can go again. This is the first time that these activities have been engaged in in this mission and while they were new to us, and we probably did not get as much good from them as we might, yet we feel much has been accomplished and that because of them our Mutuals will be stronger during the coming year. We organized four new mutuals during August at the following places, Black Diamond, Wash., Vancouver, British Columbia, Bellingham, Wash., and Everett, Wash. Several of our other associations have recently been reorganized so now we feel that we are ready to start the winter season with expectations of the most successful season we have ever had. We enjoy the good things the *Improvement Era* has to give to us each month and pray that God's choicest blessings may ever be with you in your work.—*Orson Haynie*, Mission Superintendent.

## The Lumberjack

Here's a tale of the tall, dark pines  
That skirt the Sound—those priceless mines  
Fast vanishing. Of their romance  
Much has been told. Yet one  
Story remains, my own. Begun  
Now, while the Sprites of Memory dance.

They called him Swede when first he came,  
A hulking fellow, to Bill McKane  
Who bossed the camp on the Spar.  
His was the tongue of the northern folk  
Of Sweden, his home, he often spoke,  
And he worshiped her from afar.

A feller by trade, with an arm of steel  
Like the saw he plied. To see him kneel  
At the foot of a monarch and lay it low  
Was a rare and beautiful sight that men  
Remembered and boasted of. Gradually Swen  
At felling grew famous, above and below.

Men at the Spar were famed for their brawn,  
And many a test of strength 'til dawn  
Lasted while bunks lay cold.  
Swede led the loggers, and to this day  
At Sound or Spar, up Oso way  
Yarns of his feats are told.

Now Mack (as they called the boss at the camp)  
Had a lad of five, a lively scamp,  
Full of mischief, a runaway.  
That day as the logs from the slopes above  
Came down on the cars with shunt and shove  
The child, at the pond, was at play.

Swede had alighted from the loaded car  
And heard, of a sudden, a crushing jar  
As a two-ton log broke aft.  
With cant-hook in hand, he sprang to block  
The timber and braced to meet the shock  
And save the lad in its path.

I'm telling it just as 'twas told to me,  
By those who witnessed the tragedy:  
The Norseman with arms of oak  
Holding the log with consummate craft,  
While they snatched the boy from the monster's wrath,  
And then the cant-hook broke!

They stretched Swede lifeless upon the shore  
Of the saw-mill pond, where an hour before  
God smiled and all was gay;  
Sorrowfully, reverently, bowed deep in grief  
The men of the Spar camp buried their chief  
In the pines where he sleeps today.



"We appreciate the *Era*, for it is a great help to us in telling the people of South Africa what 'Mormonism' stands for."—J. Wyley Sessions, president of the South African mission, Cumorah, Main Road, Mowbray C. P. Africa.

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